Good and Not-So-Good Neighbors
September 15, 1960 25¢

Korea Without Rhee

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SPECIAL OFFER

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

HALF PRICE

ONLY $2.50 FOR 20 ISSUES OF THE REPORTER

BRINGING YOU THE NEWS YOU CAN'T FIND ANYWHERE ELSE

READING The Reporter regularly keeps you *ahead* of the headlines, prepared for the important news. Here, for example, are some of the most memorable news stories of the past few years, and you could have read them only in The Reporter

IN 1959, Douglass Cater's two-part "Government by Publicity"—the revealing study made of the Washington correspondent's far-reaching and little-known influence on government policy

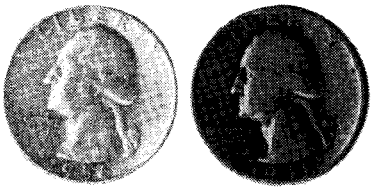
ALSO in 1959, Henry A. Kissinger's essay "The Policymaker and the Intellectual"—a brilliant analysis of the causes that make for sterility in our foreign policy

IN 1958, the first appearance in English of "Doctor Zhivago"—three long excerpts in The Reporter two months *before* the book was published here

IN 1957, "The World of Jimmy Hoffa"—a searching series on the Teamster leader published *before* the Senate investigation

IN 1956, prophetic studies of revolutionary unrest in Poland and Hungary—a month *before* the uprisings; and in previous years, pioneering studies on public-relations manipulations of government; uses and abuses of the lie-detector; wiretapping; the full story of the China Lobby

FOR outstanding public service . . . for consistently bringing its readers the facts they *need* to know and can't find elsewhere . . . The Reporter has already won eighteen major journalism awards.



GIVE your friends a subscription, too. With our special offer, you pay less than a penny a day—only $2.50 for 20 issues (40 weeks). Charge the subscription if you like—we'll be glad to bill you later. Your subscription—or your friends'—will begin as soon as we receive your order.

MAIL THE CARD TODAY
FOR THE HALF-PRICE RATE!

Regular rates: 1 year $6, 2 years $9.50, 3 years $12

Add $1 per year for foreign postage

THE REPORTER

660 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY takes this occasion to pay homage to JAMES AGEE

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN by James Agee and Walker Evans is the kind of book which Mid-Century's editors—W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun, and Lionel Trilling—delight in presenting to discriminating readers. Nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Trilling spoke of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* as "a great book"; on its reissue, he speaks of it as having become "an American classic." In fact, the publisher credits Mr. Trilling's interest over the years as having been instrumental in giving him the confidence to republish this work.

Very few people had an opportunity to acquire a copy before the small original edition went out of print. In recent years, used copies, when available, sold at a premium. Now a new edition has been published, enriched by more than twice the number of Walker Evans photographs as well as a new introduction.

The cast of characters of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* includes Fred Ricketts, a two-mule tenant farmer, aged 54, and his wife Sadie, and seven children aged 4 to 20; a one-mule tenant farmer named Thomas Woods and his family; and a one-mule half-cropper named George Gudger and his family. The cast also includes Chester Boles, Gudger's landlord; Michael Margraves, a landowner and New Deal executive; James Agee, a spy, traveling as a journalist; Walker Evans, a counter-spy, traveling as a photographer. The unpaid agitators listed in the cast include William Blake, Louis-Ferdinand Celine, Ring Lardner, Jesus Christ, and Sigmund Freud.

The place is the American Southland. What Walker Evans saw, his camera recorded. (Mr. Evans is thought by many to be the most distinguished of modern photographers.) What James Agee saw, he reproduced in words that were precise, mind-shaking, and magnificent. Lionel Trilling describes Agee's prose as giving "a kind of hot pleasure that words can do so much." This work of true originality presents, with astonishing directness, a dark, fierce, proud, moving, and important image of America.

You are invited to accept this new edition free.

AGEE ON FILM Perhaps the contents of James Agee's celebrated volume of criticism and comment on the movies can best be conveyed by reproducing a letter which W. H. Auden wrote fourteen years before the posthumous publication of *Agee on Film.*

To the Editors of *The Nation.*
Dear Sirs:

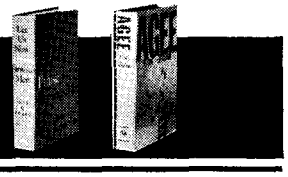
In the good old days before pseudo-science and feminism ruined her, it was considered rude to congratulate one's hostess on her meals, since praise would imply that they could have been bad, and by the same rule of courtesy it should be unnecessary to write grateful letters to editors.

I do not care for movies very much and I rarely see them; further, I am suspicious of criticism as the literary genre which, more than any other, recruits epigones, pedants without insight, intellectuals without love. I am all the more surprised, therefore, to find myself not only reading Mr. Agee before I read anyone else in *The Nation* but also consciously looking forward all week to reading him again.

In my opinion, his column is the most remarkable regular event in American journalism today What he says is of such profound interest, expressed with such extraordinary wit and felicity, and so transcends its ostensible—to me, rather unimportant—subject that his articles belong in that very select class—the music critiques of Berlioz and Shaw are the only other members I know—of newspaper work which has permanent literary value.

Swarthmore, Pa., October 16, 1944 W. H. Auden

This large, illustrated edition of *Agee on Film* will be sent to you free, along with your free copy of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, when you clip the coupon below and begin your rewarding membership in America's most distinguished book society.



☐ **THE ARMADA** by Garrett Mattingly. Retail $6.00. Member's Price **$4.95.**
☐ **ORIGINS** by Eric Partridge. A great new reference book, "a superb and superbly made book." Retail $16.00. Member's Price **$7.95.**
☐ **TWENTIETH CENTURY PARODY: AMERICAN AND BRITISH** compiled by Burling Lowrey. Retail $5.75. Member's Price **$4.50.**
☐ **THE POEM ITSELF** edited by Stanley Burnshaw. Retail $6.50. Member's Price **$4.95.**
☐ **THE END OF IDEOLOGY** by Daniel Bell. Retail $7.50. Member's Price **$5.95.**
☐ **THE SELECTED LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS** edited by F. W. Dupee. Retail $4.75. Member's Price **$3.95.**
☐ **THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT** by Jacques Barzun. Retail $5.00. Member's Price **$3.50.**
☐ **THE HENRY MILLER READER.** Retail $6.50. Member's Price **$4.85.**
☐ **LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL** by Leslie Fiedler. Retail $8.50. Member's Price **$5.95.**
☐ **THE ANGER OF ACHILLES** by Robert Graves. Retail $4.95. Member's Price **$4.25.**
☐ **THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST.** Retail $5.00. Member's Price **$3.95.**
☐ **JUSTINE and BALTHAZAR (Dual Selection)** by Lawrence Durrell. Retail $7.50. Member's Price for both books **$5.25.**
☐ **MOUNTOLIVE and CLEA (Dual Selection)** by Lawrence Durrell. Retail $7.90. Member's Price for both books **$5.70.**
☐ **OSCAR WILDE: His Life and Confessions** by Frank Harris. Retail $7.00. Member's Price **$4.95.**

THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY 248
115 East 31st Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of The Mid-Century Book Society. Enter my FREE subscription to *The Mid-Century* (containing the most thoughtful and well-written reviews now being published in this country) and begin my membership by sending me FREE

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN and AGEE ON FILM

and my first selection chosen from the list at left. I need choose only four more selections at reduced prices during the coming year, and will be under no further obligation. In addition, for every four selections purchased, including this purchase, I will receive a fifth selection FREE.

NAME_____

STREET ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ *Please charge my account and bill me for my first selection plus the shipping charge.*

☐ *My check for my first purchase is enclosed. (Mid-Century will pay the postage.)*
(New York City residents please add 3% sales tax.)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

They're Off!

With a faint sigh of weariness we note the inauguration of the formal campaign between two men who have been campaigning like mad for the last four years. The itineraries handed out by the efficient press secretaries reveal an erratic tendency. Mr. Kennedy, we learn, goes in one five-day period from Bangor to San Francisco to Anchorage to Detroit to Pocatello to Seattle. Mr. Nixon, not to be outdone, plans to take in Indianapolis, Dallas, and San Francisco all in a single day, and Milwaukee, Atlantic City, Roanoke, and Omaha in another.

Undoubtedly, the "jet-prop stop," as the lingo has it, is conditioned by the transportation age we live in. But a Nixon aide has explained that there is further logic to moving so far so fast. Getting in and out of an area swiftly, the candidate "maximizes" his impact in terms of publicity. A cynic might add that he also scrams before the people get wise to him.

BUT THERE will be compensation in the form of the so-called "Great Debates" when television promises to turn the nation into a sort of Greek market place in order that citizens may watch their prospective leaders and prepare to decide. Both nominees are reportedly having sour second thoughts about these encounters. It will be quite an ordeal, knowing that a single slip could be fatal and that, as their public-relations advisers tell them, what counts is not the arguments they use but the "images" they convey. Nixon wanted to set a limit of three debates. Kennedy, estimating that his strength lies in durability, asked for five. They settled on four.

There have been odd coincidences in the pre-campaign maneuvers. Kennedy has had trouble with his voice, Nixon with his knee. Rumor mongers have painted dire pictures of approaching invalidism for one or the other of these remarkably healthy young men. But we confidently predict for each the kind of fast recovery that will further enhance the image.

Another coincidence: each starts with a handicap not entirely of his own making. Kennedy has been slapped in the face by the departing Democratic Congress. Nixon has endured much the same treatment at the hand of the President. Obviously, Eisenhower has not been reading the campaign literature put out by the Nixon Campaign Committee in which it is argued, "In these times of crisis there's no time for 'on-the-job' training of a new President." We are informed that Nixon helped ". . . guide domestic policy . . . [and] determine defense programs and foreign policy." One pamphlet reports that "he took a major part in the decision to start production of our newest missile."

The President was asked at a press conference to tell "some of the big decisions that Mr. Nixon has participated in since you have been in the White House . . ." Eisenhower replied: "Well . . . no one participates in the decisions. Now we just —I don't see why people can't understand this. No one can make a decision except me—if it is in the national executive area. . . ." Persevering, a *Time* correspondent asked if the President could cite one major idea of Nixon's that had been adopted. "If you give me a week," the President answered, "I might think of one. I don't remember."

The following week the President canceled his news conference.

Wholesale Voting

The importance attributed to the so-called Catholic issue in this campaign by politicians, journalists, and others who earn their bread by the sweat of pretending to know what goes on behind other people's brows has all along struck us as rather exaggerated. "How much has the country *really* changed since 1928?," portentous voices keep asking, until even sensible people are almost persuaded that if poor Al Smith hadn't been a Roman Catholic he would have beaten Hoover by a landslide.

Now while it may be interesting to debate how badly Smith was hurt because to an indeterminate number of voters he was the Catholic candidate, we should not lose sight of the much more clearly demonstrable fact that to millions of voters he was the rum-drenched wet candidate, he was the brassy and unwholesome big-city candidate, and also—a fact that was surely of some relevance after seven fat years presided over by the Republicans—he was quite simply the Democratic candidate. Furthermore, in that election the Republicans felt themselves under no obligation to claim that their candidate had somehow lived down his past and turned into "the new Hoover"; he was the same Hoover who Franklin Roosevelt had thought would make a good candidate for the Democrats in 1920, a public figure who had enjoyed the entire nation's respect for many years. If anything seems certain in the crazy mumbo jumbo of political analysis, it is that Al Smith did not lose because he was a Catholic and could not have won if he had been a hard-shell Baptist. There are bigots in America—but not that many.

THIS IS NOT to say that voters are not influenced by where a candidate goes to church on Sunday, or where his great-grandparents were born, or even where he went to college. If not impelled by any stronger motive, most of us, whatever our backgrounds may be, tend to give the benefit of our doubts to candidates whom we can even vaguely identify as "one of us" and to turn away from candidates who seem to represent unfamiliar and possibly alien values.

Continued on page 6

THE REPORTER, September 15, Volume 23, No. 4. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1960 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. *Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years, $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address.* **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** *Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROST

JAMES

WILSON

JOYCE

CARROLL

BAROJA

THOMAS

DARWIN

DURRELL

PROUST

SARTON

STEIN

YEATS

BECKETT

BAUDELAIRE

CUMMINGS

TROTSKY

FREUD

ELIOT

SCHOPENHAUER

HOPKINS

The Readers' Subscription invites you to choose any three of these literary treasures at only $1 each

An introductory offer to new members — beautiful permanent editions of the works of the world's great writers, at prices lower than quality paperbacks

JAMES JOYCE. *By* **Richard Ellmann.** The 1960 National Book Award winner for biography. "Massive, completely detached and objective, yet loving." *Stephen Spender.* 842 pages.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $12.50

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SLANG. *Ed. by* **Wentworth** and **Flexner.** Over 20,000 listings, nearly 700 double-columned pages.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50

LAWRENCE DURRELL: THE BLACK BOOK. First time in America—his celebrated comic novel of sex.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $4.95

GEORGE SARTON'S second volume of **A HISTORY OF SCIENCE.** The last 3 centuries B.C.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $11.00

THE ANNOTATED ALICE. *By* **Martin Gardner.** *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass,* with all the Tenniel art and delightfully erudite marginal commentary by Gardner.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $10.00

T. S. ELIOT: COMPLETE POEMS AND PLAYS.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00

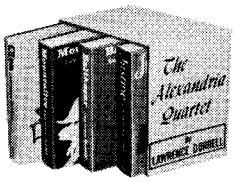
MARCEL PROUST: ON ART AND LITERATURE.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00

PIO BAROJA: THE RESTLESSNESS OF SHANTI ANDIA. A novella and short stories by the Spanish master who was mentor to Hemingway.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.50

LEON TROTSKY: HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. *Translated by* **Max Eastman.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $12.50

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN. Two volumes, boxed, edited by his son Francis.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $10.00
(Counts as one Selection; $1.00 for the set.)

SCHOPENHAUER: The World as Will and Representation. Two volumes, boxed.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $17.50
(Each volume $1.00; available only as a set.)



LAWRENCE DURRELL: ALEXANDRIA QUARTET. *Justine, Balthazar, Mountolive, Clea.* Four volumes, boxed. "One of the most important works of our time." *The New York Times.* "A formidable, glittering achievement." *The Times of London.*
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $15.40
(Counts as one Selection; $1.00 for the set.)

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: FLOWERS OF EVIL.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00

DYLAN THOMAS: COLLECTED POEMS.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $3.75

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HENRY JAMES. *Edited by* **F. W. Dupee.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50

COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Second Edition, with his own final revisions.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00

ROBERT FROST READS HIS POETRY. Twelve-inch LP record.
LIST PRICE $5.95

D. H. LAWRENCE: LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. Unexpurgated hardcover edition.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. *By* **C. S. Lewis.** Sidney, Spenser, Hooker and others.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.00

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE EARLIER 17th CENTURY. *By* **Douglas Bush.** Jonson, Donne, Milton and others.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY 18th CENTURY. *By* **Bonamy Dobree.** Swift, Defoe, Pope, Addison and Steele and others.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $10.00

E. E. CUMMINGS' POEMS. 598 poems written between 1923 and 1954.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.75

EDMUND WILSON: MEMOIRS OF HECATE COUNTY. Banned for 12 years—at last available.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.00

EXISTENCE. *Ed. by* **Rollo May, Ernest Angel, Henri Ellenberger.** Existential psychoanalysis —its origins and methods.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50

WITCHCRAFT IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND, *by* **George Lyman Kittredge.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $8.00

SIR JAMES G. FRAZER'S *NEW* GOLDEN BOUGH. One-volume abridgment, *ed. by* **Theodor H. Gaster.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $8.50

GERTRUDE STEIN READS HER WORKS. Twelve-inch LP record.
LIST PRICE $5.95

SIGMUND FREUD: INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS. First complete English translation.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50

PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE, *by* **Harley Granville-Barker.** Two volumes by the great director.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $12.00
(Each volume $1.00; available only as a set.)

POETRY OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. *Read by* **Cyril Cusack.** twelve-inch LP record.
LIST PRICE $5.95

FINNEGANS WAKE. *By* **James Joyce.**
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $7.50

FRANCESCO DE SANCTIS: HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. *Introduction by* **Benedetto Croce.** Two volumes.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $12.50
(Counts as one Selection; $1.00 for the set.)

SAMUEL BECKETT: THREE NOVELS. *Molloy, Malone Dies* and *The Unnamable.*
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $6.50

KIERKEGAARD: CONCLUDING UNSCIENTIFIC POSTSCRIPT. The first English translation.
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $8.50

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH: THE GARDENER'S WORLD. Sumptuous anthology of 103 authors from Theocritus to Colette—edited by the noted essayist
PUBLISHER'S PRICE $8.95

FOR MORE THAN A DECADE, The Readers' Subscription has set before readers of discriminating tastes the works of the world's great writers. Shown above are 35 typical Selections—books and recordings that represent some of the rarest treasures of our literary heritage. Lawrence Durrell's contemporary masterpiece, *Alexandria Quartet;* Richard Ellmann's towering biography, *James Joyce;* the Nobel Prize-winning poetry and prose of T. S. Eliot; the writings of Yeats, Proust, Darwin, Freud, Schopenhauer, Frazer, Robert Frost, Edmund Wilson — by joining now you may choose any three of these at only $1 each. As a member, you also receive a free subscription to the distinguished magazine, *The Griffin,* each month featuring articles by such critics as Alfred Kazin, Mark Van Doren, Dwight Macdonald, Arnold Toynbee, Horace Gregory, C. P. Snow, Northrop Frye, Kenneth Rexroth, Shirley Jackson, and F. W. Dupee. *To start membership now, use coupon alongside.*

The Readers' Subscription, 59 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Up to $40.40 worth of books for only $3

The Readers' Subscription Dept. R-86
59 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member, open my free subscription to *The Griffin,* and send me at once the three Selections indicated below, for which you will bill me only $3.00 (plus postage). I agree to purchase four more Selections at reduced Member's Prices during the coming year from the more than 75 available. I will receive a free bonus book of my own choosing after every fourth Selection.

SELECTIONS_____

_____

_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

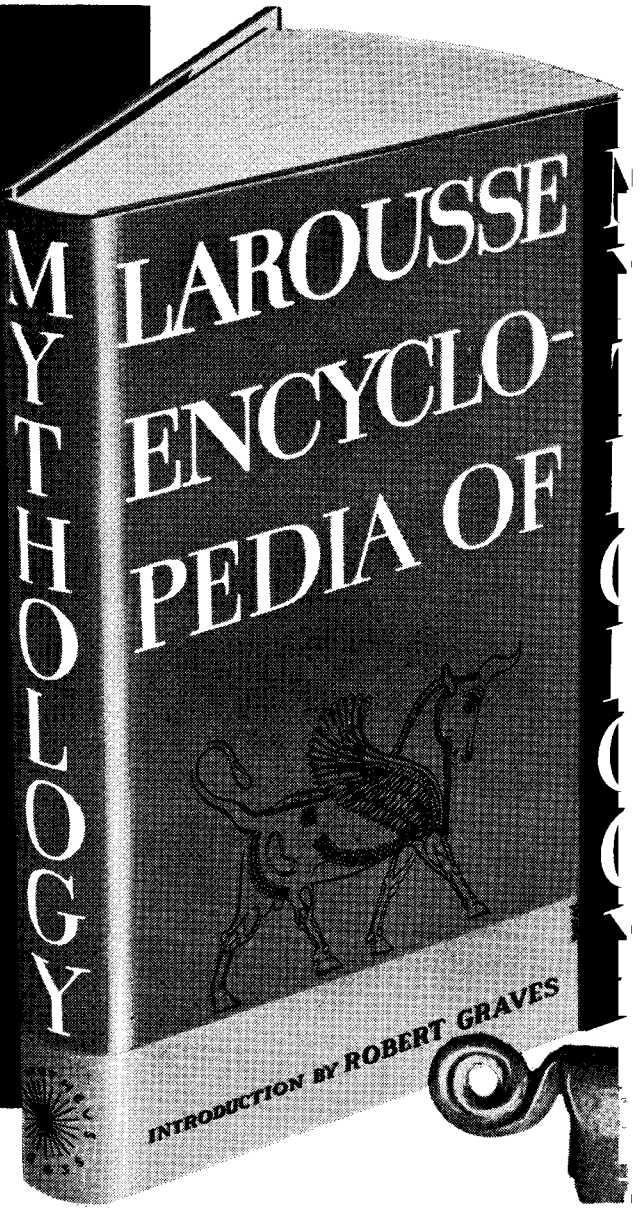
CITY_____ STATE_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To celebrate our Seventh Anniversary

MARBORO BOOK CLUB invites you to accept this monumental publishing achievement FREE

with your first selection



LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY

The only complete encyclopedia of World Mythology from pre-Biblical Egypt and pre-Homeric Greece to the farthest reaches of Africa, the Orient, and the Pacific. **Illustrated with an incomparable assemblage of authentic Painting, Sculpture, Symbols, Idols, Ritual and Sacrificial objects, many rarely seen by western eyes.**

Choose your first Selection now and receive free your $15 copy of the LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY

THE PHENOMENON OF MAN. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. "One of the great books of the Twentieth Century."—*Ashley Montagu.* *List $5.00.* **Members' Price $3.50**

THE ANCIENT GODS. By E. O. James. A masterly study of the deities, cults and rituals of the ancient Mediterranean. Nearly 100 illustrations. 359 pages. *List $7.50.* **Members' Price $4.50**

THE CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING. By Sir Herbert Read. From *Cezanne* to *Picasso* and *Pollock.* 495 plates, 100 in full color. *List $7.50.* **Members' Price $4.95**

A Year's Subscription to the **EVERGREEN REVIEW.** America's most talked-about literary magazine. *List price $5.00 per year.* **Members' Price $3.50 per year**

SELECTED WRITINGS OF SALVATORE QUASIMODO. Winner of 1959 Nobel Prize. Original Italian and English translation on facing pages. *List $5.00.* **Members' Price $3.95**

COLETTE: THE TENDER SHOOT AND OTHER STORIES. "The purely natural life at the purely sensual level."—*Walter Allen.* 404 pages. *List $4.95.* **Members' Price $3.50**

HUMAN HEREDITY. By Ashley Montagu. What science has learned about human reproduction and human evolution. *List $5.00.* **Members' Price $3.50**

COLLECTED ESSAYS OF ALDOUS HUXLEY. The author of *Brave New World* at his witty and shocking best—on sex, art, psychoanalysis, narcotics. *List $5.00.* **Members' Price $3.50**

THE INTELLECTUALS. A scholarly, wickedly revealing portrait of the smartest people in the world. Contributors include Camus, Eliot, Hook, Niebuhr, others. *List $7.50.* **Members' Price $4.50**

THE WORLD OF ROME. By Michael Grant. A brilliant account of what it was like to be a citizen of Imperial Rome during its era of unparalleled power. Companion volume to *The Greek Experience.* Magnificently illustrated. *List $6.50.* **Members' Price $3.95**

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT. Jacques Barzun on the Sacred Cows of American culture. *List $5.00.* **Members' Price $3.50**

DICTIONARY OF MODERN BALLET. 373 illustrations, 143 in full color. 660 articles. *List $7.95.* **Members' Price $5.95**

DUAL SELECTION — COUNTS AS ONE

THE FIRMAMENT OF TIME. By Loren Eiseley, author of *The Immense Journey.* How modern Anthropology, Biology, and Geology have changed man's view of himself and his world.

THE LIBERAL HOUR. By John Kenneth Galbraith, the author of *The Affluent Society* explodes still more of the myths that blind America to today's political and economic realities.

Combined list price $7.00.
Combined Members' Price $4.50

MASS LEISURE. Ed. by E. Larrabee and R. Meyersohn. A revealing study of America after hours by David Riesman and others—from "togetherness" and do-it-yourself to sex as a form of play. *List $6.00.* **Members' Price $3.95**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLISHED AT $15

- 868 illustrations, many in full color
- A giant volume of oversize pages (8½" x 11½")
- Yours FREE with membership!

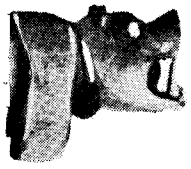
TO PREPARE THE LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY, celebrated scholars in every field from Art and Archaeology to Linguistics and Ethnology labored for ten years – amassing from every continent the mythological traditions of hundreds of nations, people, tribes and cultures. The original French-language edition from the famous publishing house of Larousse in Paris is one of the most highly acclaimed reference works in the world today. This is the first edition ever available in English. There is no other book like it.

EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO KNOW

Any question on world mythology can be found here in a few moments. Yet this great "reference" work is designed not only to be consulted for facts but read for pleasure. It offers a reading experience wrought of poetry and bestiality, of sorcery and grandeur and primal awe... a voyage backwards in time to the well-springs of man's literature, theatre, music, theology, architecture, and folklore.

FROM OEDIPUS TO SIEGFRIED

Here are the animal-headed deities of Egypt's religion of death... the planetary divinities of Babylonia... the uncensored family history of the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome (including episodes Bulfinch didn't mention)... the licentious legends and rites of Phoenicia... the great pagan heritage of the Celts and Norse and Slavs, much of it heretofore inaccessible to the general reader... the strange shamanistic cults of the ancient Magyars and Finns.



FROM PERSIA TO POLYNESIA AND PERU

To read on is to be plunged headlong into the exotic mysticism of the East... Zoroaster and the Magi... the cult of Mithra... the mysteries of Mani... the multitudinous gods and castes and epics of Hinduism... the exalting doctrines of the Buddha... the intensely practical mythology of the Chinese... and the exquisite legends that lie beneath the painting and poetry and drama of Japan. And here, as well, are the great mythic legacies of Negro Africa, the South Pacific, the Indians of North and South America... even the legends and witchcraft of the silent world of the Eskimos.

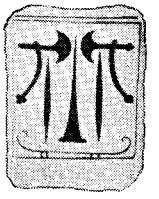
EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP OFFER

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY, with an Introduction by Robert Graves, is typical of the kind of book offered regularly to members of the Marboro Book Club at reduced prices. Limited quantities have been set aside as Free Gifts for new members who join now. It makes good sense to send for *your* free copy today, with your first selection chosen from the list below.

If not delighted, simply return the books within 10 days and your membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. The Club takes all the risk. You see, this is no ordinary offer—and this is no ordinary book club.

ONLY 3 MORE SELECTIONS NEED BE TAKEN WITHIN ONE YEAR

The Marboro Book Club pools your buying power with that of other discerning readers who share your tastes. By means of low Members' Prices and free Bonus Books, it saves you an average of 50% on the very books you would otherwise purchase at full price.



IMPORTANT TO ACT QUICKLY

Mail coupon today while free copies of LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY are still available.

ES OF THE POETS. By Louis ·termeyer. From Chaucer to lan Thomas—the intimate lives ıhe 133 great poets of the Eng- · language. *List $7.95* **Members' Price $4.50**

LOVE AND LUST. By Theodor ık. Freud's most famous pupil ·lyzes the hidden nature of sculinity and feminity. *List $7.50.* **Members' Price $3.95**

YUTANG: THE IMPORTANCE OF ERSTANDING. Fabulous com- ıdium of Chinese pleasures, , and wisdom through 2500 rs. *List $6.00.* **Members' price $3.95**

GOGH. By Frank Elgar. His and art, 369 reproductions. Full Color Plates. *List $5.75.* **Members' Price $3.95**

HENRY MILLER READER. Edited Lawrence Durrell. The best Miller, including writings from ıned works such as Tropic of ıcer. *List $6.50.* **Members' Price $4.85**

THE MANDARINS. By Simone de Beauvoir. The brilliant much-discussed novel, winner of the Prix Goncourt. 610 pages. *List $6.00.* **Members' Price $3.95**

THE STATUS SEEKERS. Vance Packard's eye-opening exploration of class behavior in America. *List $4.50.* **Members' Price $3.25**

THE NEW GOLDEN BOUGH. By Sir James G. Frazer. Ed. by Theodor H. Gaster. Completely revised in the light of new anthropological discoveries. *List $8.50.* **Members' Price $5.95**

THE CRIMINAL MIND. By Dr. Philip Q. Roche. The conflict between criminal law and psychiatry. *List $5.00.* **Members' Price $3.50**

PHILOSOPHY AND THE MODERN WORLD. By Albert William Levi. The dilemma of modern man as exemplified in Sartre, Russell, Einstein, Dewey, Freud, Toynbee and Lenin. *List $7.50.* **Members' Price $4.50**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT WITH COUPON

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
131 Varick St
N.Y. 13, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member of the Marboro Book Club and send me FREE:

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY.

As my first Selection, send me, at the low Members' Price:

_____

(Enter your First Selection here)

If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return these books within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. If I elect to remain a member I need choose only 3 more books at reduced prices during the coming year, and will be under no further obligation. Thereafter, every 4 books I accept from the Club will entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

☐ Please bill me for my First Selection plus shipping charge.

☐ My check for First Selection is enclosed (Club pays shipping). Same cancellation privileges. MR582

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN GOLF...
EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER
IN SCOTCH...
TEACHER'S
IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE

Gene Sarazen, U.S. Open, British Open, P.G.A and Masters Champion. Twice winner of Teacher's Trophy for the P.G.A. Seniors' Championship.

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY / 86 PROOF / SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

Now in a second edition—

KANT'S PRE-CRITICAL ETHICS

BY PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP

(Foreword by H. J. Paton)

In the only book in English dealing with the development of Kant's ethical thought prior to his critical period, the author, a renowned philosopher, undertakes to furnish the factual data and the interpretative intimations upon which a new and more rational view of Kant's ethical thought might be based. September, 1960. $5.00

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY PRESS
Evanston, Illinois

MATHEMATICS FOR EVERYMAN

From Simple Numbers to the Calculus

Egmont Colerus, the author, is one of that all-too-small band of gifted teachers who know how to COMMUNICATE mathematics. Once caught in his "trap" there is no escape—one is compelled to go on at least as far as the calculus, with fascinating glimpses of mathematical history and philosophy along the way.

Little or no previous knowledge of mathematics is assumed. Every point is illustrated with an example. Such is Colerus' talent that long before the reader knows what is happening, he finds, amazingly, that he has acquired a ready grasp of the fundamentals of mathematical operations and mathematical reasoning. More, some of the magic, the greatness, the beauty of the science has somehow rubbed off onto him, to his permanent enrichment. Illustrations throughout. ORDER NOW!

MATHEMATICS FOR EVERYMAN
by Egmont Colerus
$3.95 Postfree • 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 53-M
251 West 19th Street, New York 11

In local elections where the principal difference between the parties is that one wants to get into power and the other wants to hold onto it, great stress is placed on concocting a balanced ticket in order to soothe the unspoken and generally not very strongly felt prejudices of large racial and religious elements of the population. But the appeal to block voting is the politics of mediocrity, and can always be swept aside by a candidate who really has something to say. After all, to some degree it is a kind of unthinking prejudice that prompts most of us to choose either the Republican or the Democrat in the many cases where we don't really know anything about either of the candidates; and as the increasing frequency with which American voters have been splitting their tickets in recent elections has demonstrated, even that massive appeal to block voting is powerless whenever the voters feel that they have been given a more compelling motive for choice.

We already know a great deal more about the two Presidential candidates in this election than what parties they belong to and where their great-grandparents were born and where they went to college and what churches they attend. And as the campaign develops we may certainly hope to find out more about how each of the two men would deal as President with issues that are far more interesting and important to the nation as a whole than the Catholic issue. Only if the candidates fail to give us any other reason for choice can either pro-Catholic or anti-Catholic prejudice have any appreciable effect whatsoever on the outcome of the election.

These Things Were Said

¶ I don't know about it nationally or as an issue, but I think religion is wonderful for children.—*Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, interviewed in The Washington Post.*

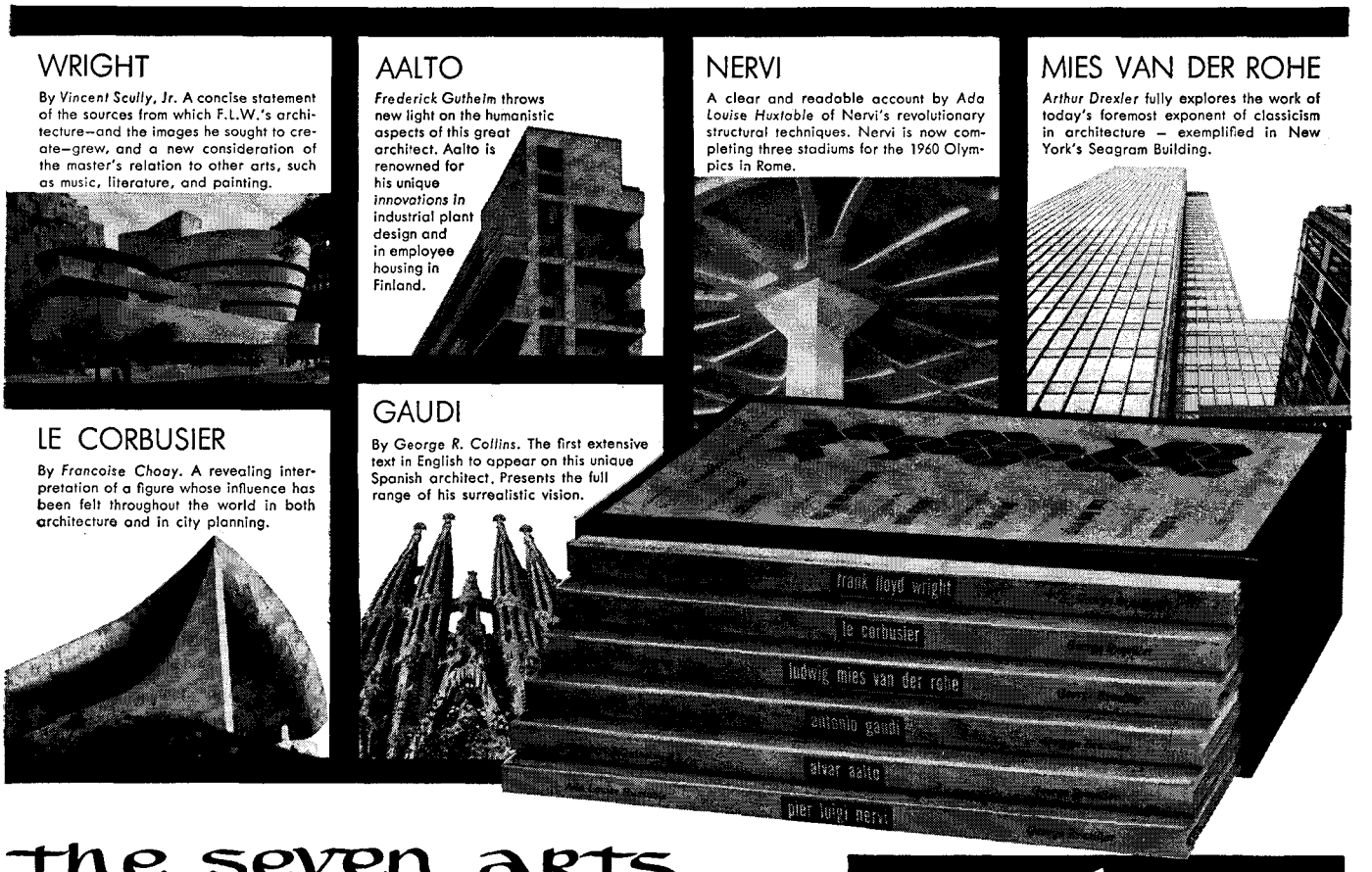
¶ He was standing on a chair for better vantage when a leg of the chair gave way. Mr. Griffin fell heavily. More than 100 in the audience leaped up in concern. But Mr. Nixon said quickly as Mr. Griffin stood up and brushed his clothing: "I'll never forget Hank Griffin, the AP photog-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE

"*A cause for celebration,*" Allan Temko proclaimed in the New York Times Book Review. "*Never before in this country has a series such as this been published, compact in format but nevertheless generously illustrated, written with high seriousness and intended not only for the professional architect and the student, but also for the public at large.*" The authoritative volumes that comprise the MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE are an indispensable reference shelf on the men who have done most to determine the major trends of our time. The individual books combine informative analyses with profuse illustrations to show the scope of each master's work and provide answers to such questions as: *Who is he? Which and where are his most important buildings? How does he fit into the total picture of architecture today?* If you act now you may have the important new MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE series (just published at a retail price of $29.75) for the special introductory price of $5, with membership in The Seven Arts Book Society.

6 Volumes Boxed—Each 7½" x 10" Volume Contains a Detailed Chronology, Bibliography, and Index plus 80 pp. of Illus. and a 10,000 Word Text.


WRIGHT
By Vincent Scully, Jr. A concise statement of the sources from which F.L.W.'s architecture—and the images he sought to create—grew, and a new consideration of the master's relation to other arts, such as music, literature, and painting.
AALTO
Frederick Gutheim throws new light on the humanistic aspects of this great architect. Aalto is renowned for his unique innovations in industrial plant design and in employee housing in Finland.
NERVI
A clear and readable account by Ada Louise Huxtable of Nervi's revolutionary structural techniques. Nervi is now completing three stadiums for the 1960 Olympics in Rome.
MIES VAN DER ROHE
Arthur Drexler fully explores the work of today's foremost exponent of classicism in architecture — exemplified in New York's Seagram Building.
LE CORBUSIER
By Francoise Choay. A revealing interpretation of a figure whose influence has been felt throughout the world in both architecture and in city planning.
GAUDI
By George R. Collins. The first extensive text in English to appear on this unique Spanish architect. Presents the full range of his surrealistic vision.
frank lloyd wright
le corbusier
ludwig mies van der rohe
antonio gaudi
alvar aalto
pier luigi nervi

The Seven Arts Book Society

offers you the opportunity to build what André Malraux described as "a museum without walls"—to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts—at substantial savings. The selections of The Seven Arts Book Society—like those listed below—are all books of permanent value: oversize, richly illustrated volumes with definitive texts. Moreover, as a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 30% and more. Why not discover the great advantages of belonging to this unique organization today? You may begin your membership with the MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE—itself a selection of The Seven Arts Book Society, and typical of the kind of books members regularly receive—at the special introductory price of $5.

OTHER RECENT SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY SELECTIONS

The Stones of Florence, Mary McCarthy. 277 pp., 8½ x 11, 137 photos. Retail $15.00. Member's price $10.95.

Paul Klee, Will Grohmann. 441 pp. 11¾ x 8½, 510 illus. Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

Great Paintings from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

The Great American Artists Series: *Albert P. Ryder; Thomas Eakins; Winslow Homer; Willem de Kooning; Jackson Pollock; Stuart Davis.* 6 vols., boxed. Retail $29.75. Member's price $16.95.

The Sculpture of Africa, Eliot Elisofon. 256 pp., 11 x 14, 405 photos. Retail $15.00. Member's price $10.95

Rembrandt, Ludwig Münz. 9¾ x 12¾. Retail $15.00. Member's price $11.95.

Space, Time and Architecture, Sigfried Giedion. 780 pp., 450 illus. Retail $12.50. Member's price $9.50.

Pablo Picasso, Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartès. 524 pp., 8½ x 12, 606 illus. Retail $17.50. Member's price $13.50.

The Living City and **The Natural House,** both by Frank Lloyd Wright. Combined retail price $15.00. Member's price $11.00.

The Art of India, Louis Frederic. 426 gravure illus., 9 x 11, 464 pp. Retail $17.50. Member's price $12.95.

YOURS FOR $5

RETAIL PRICE $29.75

The Seven Arts Book Society
215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enter my name as a member and send me the **MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE** series for only $5.00 (plus postage and handling). I agree to take as few as six additional selections in the course of my membership. I am to receive each month without charge the attractive *Seven Arts News* containing an extensive review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at member's prices. If I do not want the selection announced I can return your simple form saying "send me nothing," or use it to order another book from the more than 100 authoritative volumes offered in the course of a year. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the six additional selections.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Please print full name

Address

City Zone State

S60—93

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRESS AND ACCESSORIES BY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Luxurious adventure—a dram of Drambuie! Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, and originally the personal liqueur of Prince Charles Edward, Drambuie has been made in Scotland since 1745 from Bonnie Prince Charlie's secret recipe.

Drambuie

The cordial with the Scotch whisky base

80 PROOF

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y., N. Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

HOW I LICKED THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

By a Wall Street Journal Subscriber

High prices and taxes were keeping me broke. I simply had to earn more money or reduce expenses.

One day I picked up a copy of The Wall Street Journal. In the pages of that remarkable newspaper I found immediate help. An article on building supplies gave me ideas on remodeling my home and showed me how to save $900. Another article showed me a profit-making opportunity.

I sent for a Trial Subscription to The Journal. I heeded its warnings. I cashed in on the ideas it gave me. Now I'm really getting ahead.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making $7,500 to $25,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Journal is printed daily in seven cities from coast to coast.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs $24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for $7. Just send this ad with check for $7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. RM 9-15

THE GREAT CONTEST

Russia and the West

by Isaac Deutscher

"In this new volume Mr. Deutscher again applies the force of his reason and the power of his logic to the task of forecasting what the future will bring in Russia. More than ever what he says is worth listening to. For history has proved that his reasoning is more than likely to be confirmed by events."

—Saturday Review

$2.75 at all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

rapher you just saw sprawled out up here. It was down at Caracas, Venezuela, when they were stoning us and trying to beat in our car windows with clubs. Up ahead I could see Hank on top of another car. I guess Hank lost a camera that day —or at least damaged it. All I could see was Hank swinging, swinging, swinging that piece of equipment. He was beating their heads in with it. No I'll never forget the AP's Hank Griffin—a fine photographer and a fine American."—*Associated Press report.*

¶ Mr. Eastland. Is it not true that Trujillo has been a friend of the United States?

Mr. Ellender. I do not believe there is any doubt about that. . . . there is not one country in South or Central America which, since 1952, has shown greater economic progress than the Dominican Republic.

Senators should do as I did; go there and see for themselves—go and see what that Government has done. The Dominican Republic has the finest kinds of roads, excellent schools, and modern hospitals. The amount of housing has increased tremendously. . . .

Mr. Eastland. And they have done it without handouts from others.

Mr. Ellender. That is certainly true as to the Dominican Republic. . . .

Mr. Eastland. Did the Senator from Louisiana find that the people there were happy and contented?

Mr. Ellender. I saw no evidence of unrest, but I must be frank in stating that I did not go there looking for any. . . .

Mr. Eastland. Is it not true that the Dominican Republic has had more revolutions than any other country in the history of the world, and that Trujillo has given the country stability—something that it never had before?

Mr. Ellender. There is no question about that.

Mr. Eastland. Is it not also true that it takes a strong arm to rule in countries of that sort and in Latin America?

Mr. Ellender. That is certainly true in many instances. As a matter of fact, based upon my observation of conditions in the Dominican Republic as compared with conditions in some of the other countries I visited in that area, it might be said

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTO: FRANCES McLAUGHLIN-GILL

Should a gifted child grow up to be a housewife?

EDUCATIONAL experts estimate that the gift of high intelligence is bestowed upon only 1 out of every 50 children in our nation. When that gifted child is a girl, one question is inevitably asked: "Will this rare gift be wasted if she becomes a housewife?"

Let these gifted girls answer that question themselves. Over 90% of them marry, and the majority find the job of being a housewife challenging and rewarding enough to make full use of all their intelligence, time and energy.

But what of the average American wife? How well equipped is she to meet the ever-increasing range of responsibilities placed on her today?

If education is a guide, then America's women have the best qualifications for the job. Over 80% of the nation's young women have attended high school, 3 out of 5 graduate, and over twice as many receive high school diplomas today as did their mothers back in 1930. This fall alone, 1,228,500 young women will attend college, and by 1970 this figure will be up 73% when nearly 1 out of every 3 students graduating from college will be a woman.

This rising educational level among American women is reflected not only in their intellectual, social and political activities. It also is seen in the prudent way today's wife conducts the affairs of her family. In her daily roles of nurse, educator, economist and just plain housewife, she is constantly seeking ways to improve her family's life.

Your own wife has probably brought many improvements into your home. Millions of women—shopping for half the families in America—do so by saving S&H Green Stamps. Perhaps your wife is among them. If she is, you know how she feels about her S&H Green Stamps.

The little "luxuries" she acquires with them are small, but significant, examples of her ability to provide a better life for her family through intelligent management of her home.

An American Way of Thrift for 24,800,000 Families . . .

S&H GREEN STAMPS

Distributed since 1896 by The Sperry and Hutchinson Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SECRET OF
Chartreuse

The only thing known about Chartreuse is that *you'll like it!* The secret recipe of this liqueur has been closely guarded since 1605 by the Monks in a secluded French monastery. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice —does delicious things to ice cream or fruit.

CHARTREUSE
Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin® & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y., Dept. BB

NEW AND UNUSUAL
CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

A distinctive new group of 53 cards from the Museum's own collections — Masterpieces of painting and sculpture, illuminated medieval manuscripts in precious colors, Victorian Christmas illustrations, enamels on gold, embroidered silks, ivories, and works of art from ancient Greece, India, and Japan. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and cost from five to ninety-five cents each. They can be bought ONLY by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below, enclosing 25 cents for the new 40-page illustrated catalogue.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed P1

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

that a little of that same kind of leadership should be applied in some additional areas. . . . I repeat that the people in the Dominican Republic are apparently happy. They have good schools, good hospitals, fine roads, and an abundance of food. . . . But today there are some who wish to destroy all that. . . .

Mr. Eastland. Is it not true that the same group in the State Department who had a hand in delivering Cuba to Castro desire to overthrow the Trujillo government in the Dominican Republic?

Mr. Ellender. I would not be at all surprised. The Foreign Relations Committee should investigate. . . .

Mr. Eastland. Is not Trujillo the foremost enemy of communism in Latin America?

Mr. Ellender. I never met anyone there who so often and vocally professed his opposition to communism.

Mr. Eastland. And he opposes the Communists, does he not?

Mr. Ellender. There is no doubt about that. . . .

Mr. Eastland. In Venezuela is there democracy?

Mr. Ellender. Not as the term is generally understood in the United States. Many governments are actually dictatorships.

Mr. Eastland. And always have been, have they not?

Mr. Ellender. Certainly. Until the people there are better educated through better schools, and so forth, that condition will continue.
Congressional Record, Aug. 24, 1960.

►General Cutler said that President Eisenhower "almost always entered into debates and asked questions, ferreting out answers and listening with greatest interest, turning his head from one side to the other as they debated around him."—*UPI Dispatch.*

AFRICA

The hand is itching for the whip,
The forearm for the blow,
The curse is trembling on the lip
But must unuttered go,
While dead colonials soundlessly
Cry out in vindication, "See
What happens when you set
them free?"

—SEC

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An extraordinary menu for jaded musical appetites

Beginning twelve years ago, the Louisville Philharmonic Society somewhat startled the music world by commissioning outstanding contemporary composers to write symphonic compositions for the Louisville Orchestra. Ever since, these works have been premiered regularly by the Orchestra under the baton of famed Robert Whitney. Recorded by Columbia technicians, they are offered, by subscription, as fine, 12-inch, 33⅓ RPM high-fidelity "First Edition" Records.

During the ensuing years 39 records have been produced, and are now being issued to 2,100 subscribers. (This is to be compared with the *million* subscribers of at least one popular record club!)

Admittedly a very "advanced" project, First Edition Records have won columns of praise from most of America's top critics. The subscription list is a blue-book of music connoisseurs throughout the free world (though Russian composers Shostakovich, Kabalevsky and Khrennikov, visiting the Louisville Orchestra last November, said that First Edition Records were well-known in the U.S.S.R., too).

If you are building or wish to build a notable library of the best contemporary music, these records are a *must*. They are available singly at $7.95 each, or by subscription at $5.95. As a special introductory inducement, we are now offering six of the most-requested records for the price of one—$35.70 worth of these connoisseur recordings for only $5.95, upon your agreement to purchase the next six new releases during the next 12 months, at $5.95 each.

- The first 6 records (all 6 for $5.95) will be mailed you on receipt of coupon.
- You may discontinue your subscription at any time after purchasing the 6 new releases at $5.95 each, within one year.
- The 6 new releases, for which you pay $5.95 each, will be mailed you at intervals of approximately two months. We pay the postage. After purchasing these 6 records at $5.95 each, you receive a First Edition Record of your choice, free, for every 2 additional selections you buy.

THE LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY (A Non-Profit Organization) Robert Whitney, Conductor

5451 PAUL CRESTON: Invocation and Dance. HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS: Overture. "Dawn in a Tropical Forest." HALSEY STEVENS: Triskelion.

5452 HENRY COWELL: Symphony No. 11. ALEXANDER TCHEREPNIN: Suite, Opus 87. BERNARD WAGENAAR: A Concert Overture.

5453 PETER MENNIN: Symphony No. 6. WALLINGFORD RIEGGER: Variations for Piano and Orchestra. (Benjamin Owen, Pianist). ERNST TOCH: Notturno.

5454 ALAN HOVHANESS: Concerto No. 7 for Orchestra. MARIO CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO: Overture to "Much Ado About Nothing." CARLOS SURINACH: Sinfonietta Flamenca.

583 ELLIOTT CARTER: Variations for Orchestra. EVERETT HELM: Second Piano Concerto (Benjamin Owen, Pianist).

591 AARON COPLAND: Orchestral Variations. ALFONSO LETELIER: Aculeo, Suite for Orchestra.

SEND NO MONEY — 6 RECORDS FOR $5.95 WILL BE MAILED YOU UPON RECEIPT OF THIS COUPON

Richard Wangerin, Manager, LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
Suite 27, 830 S. Fourth St., Louisville 3, Ky.

Please enroll me as a subscriber for First Edition Records, and send me the 6 records listed at the left. You may bill me a total of $5.95 for these 6.

I agree to purchase 6 additional new Louisville releases during the next 12 months, at $5.95 each (or I will effect a $3.20 saving by making a single annual payment of $32.50)—after which I will receive a free bonus record for each additional 2 selections I buy.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disease and the Advancement of Basic Science

Twenty-one distinguished physicians and scientists discuss the contribution of clinical investigation to basic science, demonstrating that certain fundamental scientific advances can be made *only* from the direct study of disease in human patients.

Edited by
Henry K. Beecher, M.D.

Illustrated. $12.50

Automatic Language Translation

A specialists' book on a highly important subject. Explores the problems and possibilities of machine translation, with full description of the compilation and operation of the Harvard Automatic Dictionary and the proposed transition from automatic dictionary to automatic translator.

By Anthony Oettinger
Foreword by Joshua Whatmough

Illustrated. $10.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

CORRESPONDENCE

FROM THE SPORTS ARENA

To the Editor: "Poor young man," you write of Senator Kennedy, "poor rich young man—he has to outgrow so many things." And then in the last paragraph of your article "From the Sports Arena" (*The Reporter*, August 4), you state your belief that "the process of outgrowing has started, and that he could not be where he is now if he had not something that is his, and only his: a demanding conscience, and a firm capacity to act." How I hope you are right! But whether you are right or wrong, I must tell you that I find your dispassionate statement one of the most eloquent arguments for voting for Kennedy that I have encountered during this season of windy rhetoric. The giants and the father figures depart, the prophets and the would-be prophets withdraw, and we realize that it is the business of democracy to govern ourselves with the best we have. In this case, I agree with you that the best we have is John F. Kennedy, and I shall vote for him proudly.

J. L. PRICE
Miami, Florida

To the Editor: Your August 4 issue gave such ammunition to the opposition that one might seriously wonder which side you were on. This is suicidal.

Except for the terminal paragraph of "From the Sports Arena" and Sec's sonnet about Kennedy, I could have been reading a Republican publication.

CATHARINE HAUGHEY
Detroit

To the Editor: Your "From the Sports Arena" was very fine, as were the articles by Douglass Cater and Andrew Hacker. Of course we agree with Mr. Hacker's prediction that the Democratic Party will win the White House and Congress.

MICHAEL H. PRENDERGAST
Chairman
Democratic State Committee
New York

To the Editor: I can at least see Nixon outgrowing his past. I can't see Kennedy doing anything because he is lost in his crowd of bully boys, Buckley, Daley, Green of Philadelphia, DiSalle in front; Bobby, Ted, and Joe Kennedy and Ted Sorenson behind—with Jack the Knife in the middle.

To my former fellow Stevensonians, I say Nelson Rockefeller or Douglas Dillon is probably just as good as Chet Bowles for State and the rest of the cast is interchangeable anyway.

RICHARD ROY
Rye, New York

BELLES-LETTRES

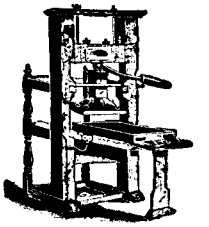
To the Editor: Somewhat belatedly, since I am abroad, an article in your July 7 issue—"The Paperback Title Fight," by Malcolm Cowley—has been brought to my attention.

From my point of view, this otherwise fascinating and illuminating article is marred by one inaccuracy of fact. Mr. Cowley states that a phenomenon of the paperback world is the "hidden original," a process whereby the paperback publisher "dreams up a book" and finds a writer to do it. Victor Weybright of New American Library is named as a leader in this operation, and a book entitled *The Chapman Report* by Irving Wallace is listed as one such book.

I am Irving Wallace. I wrote *The Chapman Report*. And I am here to say: not true.

I conceived, researched, plotted, and wrote a large portion of *The Chapman Report* long before I even knew Victor Weybright. He did not dream up the novel and find me to write it, as Mr. Cowley implies. Nor was my book "undertaken in co-operation with a new Hollywood firm called Literary Projects Company," as Mr. Cowley states.

The facts are these: I was writing *The Chapman Report*, on my own, as I have written previous books, when Ted Loeff, not only head of Literary Projects Company but Western representative for New American Library, suggested that Mr. Weybright might be interested in financing the novel to its conclusion. Mr. Weybright made a generous offer without reading a page of the book—nor



did he see a page of the book until it was concluded. Mr. Weybright did not interfere with my creation of the novel or with my choice of hardback publisher, which was Simon and Schuster. What Mr. Weybright was doing was insuring himself reprint product for the future. At the time, it was a good deal for both of us—I had immediate financing, and Mr. Weybright had a book he would not have to bid for.

As Mr. Cowley knows, the act of creativity can only properly occur inside the creator. I remain unsullied.

IRVING WALLACE
Stockholm

To the Editor: Mr. Cowley, whose book *The Literary Situation* holds an exlated position on more scholarly bookshelves, provided a grossly inaccurate and capricious image of Literary Projects. . . .

First, I am the sole proprietor of the organization. Mr. Charles Bloch, mentioned as my partner, left Literary Projects several months ago.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An out-of-context quote attributed to me by Mr. Cowley, "Showmanship first, literary quality second," has now reached broken-record status. It originally emerged a year ago in *Variety*. To one capable of translating Varietyese it would be obvious that I was chiding the publishing business for neglecting showmanship—and that is all.

Since Literary Projects now has fifty-four books under its wing, some already on the national best-seller list. Mr. Cowley would do well to investigate a 1960 version of the Literary Situation.

TED LOEFF
Literary Projects Co.
Beverly Hills, California

Mr. Cowley replies:
I am happy to hear Mr. Loeff's explanation of the statement "Showmanship first, literary quality second." I should be happier still if the books so far published under the sponsorship of Literary Projects Company made the statement seem implausible. Most of them are "subject books," and the subjects appeal to a fairly wide audience—or a very wide audience in the case of *The Chapman Report*, a novel dealing with sex, sex, and sex. Literary quality is present but secondary. Showmanship first is what Mr. Loeff has been finding.

My apologies to Mr. Bloch for assuming that he was still connected with a company he helped to launch.

BOTTLENECKS

To the Editor: Robert Bendiner's proposal that the urban motorist subsidize New York's failing mass-transit system ("Notes from New York's Underground," *The Reporter*, July 7) rings a loud, clear bell. Others, notably Philadelphia's Urban Traffic and Transportation Board, have been ringing a similar bell. The 1958 annual report of the U.T.T.B. puts the case very well:

". . . the driver of the private car who insists on taking it to work daily in the central city must pay a price for this convenience that is high enough both to help support the public transit facilities available to him, or to help maintain the roadways he uses, or—most important of all—to persuade him to consider public transit as an alternative."

Philadelphia's planners realize that such a policy contains the only hope of restoring a tolerable balance between automobile and mass-transit commuting, for the expressways needed to carry a given number of motorists into the city cost many times as much as a mass-transit rail system of equal capacity. Unfortunately, there are few influential people who agree with this philosophy in New York though there is far greater justification for it than in Philadelphia. The right to jam up the Lincoln Tunnel apparently is a sacred, inviolable right—ranking with freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

C. W. GRIFFIN
Denville, New Jersey

your help means life and hope

Thom, Vietnamese, age 5. Father ill, heart disease in hospital. Child lives with mother, brothers and sister in hut. Only possession one bed. Mother earns 27c a day when she works. Children ill. Thom, sweet, sad child. Knows only want and deprivation. Parents sick with despair for their destitute children. Help to Thom means life to whole family. Case urgent.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of your child upon receipt of application with initial payment. Your child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Italy, Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, and Hong Kong—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City.

© 1960 FPP, Inc.

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 Park Avenue South, New York 10, N. Y. Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS and FOSTER PARENTS

Mary Pickford
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
C. D. Jackson
Helen Hayes
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Edward R. Murrow
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Gov. & Mrs. Walter Kohler
Charles R. Hook
Steve Allen
Garry Moore

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. R-9-15-60
352 Park Avenue South, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex.....age.....nationality .....

I will pay $15 a month for one year or more ($180 per year). Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).

I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Date.....Contributions are Income Tax Deductible

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

About a brave man from Mississippi

☛ His name is **P. D. East.** He calls himself a coward.

☛ He lives in Mississippi where he was born and publishes a desegregation newspaper—the famous *Petal Paper.*

☛ His *#1* EDITORIAL POLICY: Love your enemies because it makes them so damned mad.

☛ HIS *#2* EDITORIAL POLICY: Serve God by laughing at the devil.

☛ His autobiography, **The Magnolia Jungle,** is just published.

HERE ARE THE FIRST TRIBUTES

LILLIAN SMITH writes: "An extraordinary autobiography of an extraordinary man: It is scandalous, tender, humble, honest, hilarious, terrifying. Here is a man who has lived in the magnolia jungle, has sustained himself on a starvation cultural diet; has even grown on it. He should have starved morally, but he grew giant muscles of ethical strength. He makes you laugh even as you tremble.

MAXWELL GEISMAR: "P. D. East is a native kind of satirist whom Mark Twain would have welcomed."

THE NEW YORKER: "The articles that wrecked his business — he quotes them in his book — are truly funny."

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "An autobiography which laughs, weeps . . . sweats, despairs, rejoices. An almost unbearably honest account of a man in literal and spiritual search of himself."

— *Ralph McGill*

THE MAGNOLIA JUNGLE

By P. D. EAST

$3.95. Just published

SIMON AND SCHUSTER

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

JUST A FEW DAYS ago Secretary Herter returned to Washington after a two-week stay in San José, Costa Rica. At this point we prefer to say nothing about whether he succeeded or failed in his efforts to check both Trujillo and Castro. But certainly Mr. Herter's job of trying to work out some unity of policy with his colleagues of the Western Hemisphere was of an immoderate difficulty, particularly considering the oratorical facility of his Latin American colleagues. **Max Ascoli** has had some experience with Latin America during the war when he worked for the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. **George Sherman,** Washington Correspondent for the London *Observer,* reports on how the Cubans themselves are reacting to the revolution that was the principal subject of debate at San José. **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* explains why it is that Mexico, like many other Latin-American countries, was not able to express wholehearted agreement with Secretary Herter at San José.

THERE ARE a number of compelling reasons why we in the United States should be concerned about the success or failure of the new government in South Korea. Some of them can be reduced to facts and figures. Our stake is obviously high in the fate of a country that receives more aid from us than any other nation in the world ($215.8 million in fiscal 1959), whose very existence was preserved at the cost of 54,246 American lives, and whose security even now is guarded by a U.N. Command that includes two U.S. divisions. Both the hopeful and the disturbing aspects of Korea without Rhee are described by **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who travels widely in the Far East. . . . After last year's steel strike it was more apparent than ever that the ordinary processes of collective bargaining have a dangerous tendency to break down when big labor meets big business head-on in a battle that involves the entire nation's economy. A proposal that might help to prevent the sort of conflict from which no one can emerge victorious is offered by **Arthur J. Goldberg,** who is both general counsel to the United Steelworkers of America and special counsel to the AFL-CIO. In future issues we shall present other suggestions about how our economic growth can be given greater stability. . . . Another battle from which apparently no one has emerged victorious was the special post-convention session of Congress. Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** draws from the frustrating spectacle some general lessons about the way Congress has participated and will continue to participate in the formulation of national policy. . . . A few dozen New York policemen have recently been criticized for taking second jobs at breweries and factories in violation of police department regulations. After reading **Robert Bendiner's** account of how some of Chicago's cops have been supplementing their incomes, we are prouder than ever of New York's Finest.

Dean Acheson tells about some pleasant hours spent on the Venetian lagoon. He has not heeded the admonitions of those intellectual prigs who consider the pleasures and beauties of Venice too facile. This happy tourist has a mind of his own, not swayed by fashion—an independence, one remembers, amply demonstrated when he was Secretary of State. Mr. Acheson's most recent book is *Power and Diplomacy* (Harvard). . . . **Elspeth Huxley,** an English author of many books about Africa—*The Red Rock Wilderness* (William Morrow) is her latest novel—grew up in Kenya. Her article in this issue is excerpted from *A New Earth: An Experiment in Colonialism,* to be published shortly by Morrow. . . . A child learning scales at the piano and hating every long minute of its labor is only too apt to blame "teacher" for its agony: it would be wise perhaps not to give the child **Nat Hentoff's** article on the present state of piano teaching, which will be more profitably read by parents. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . One can build a Brasilia, clearing the jungle to make way for a unified, planned city, but one cannot tear down New York, Boston, or Chicago in order to start from scratch. Yet something can be done to make our cities less ugly and more habitable. **Albert Bush-Brown** sets his proposals within the framework of the possible. He is associate professor and executive officer of the department of architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology School of Architecture and Planning. . . . **Sidney Alexander,** poet, critic, and novelist, is working in Florence on the second part of his biography of Michelangelo. A first volume, *Michelangelo the Florentine,* was published by Random House.

Our cover is by **Dong Kingman.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor,* Robert Bingham
Senior Editor, Gouverneur Paulding • *Washington Editor,* Douglass Cater
Associate Editor, Cyrilly Abels • *Contributing Editor.* Robert Bendiner
Art Director, Reg Massie • *Assistant Managing Editor,* Derek Morgan
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Paul Jacobs, Edmond Taylor
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Messolonghites • *Librarian,* Ruth Ames

General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Director of Advertising,* Harry R. Davis
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager,* Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 23, NO. 4 **SEPTEMBER 15, 1960**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

Good and Not-So-Good Neighbors

LATIN AMERICA JOINS THE WORLD—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 16
SIXTY MINUTES FROM MIAMI . . . . . *George Sherman* 17
THE DILEMMA OF SR. LOPEZ MATEOS . . . . . *William H. Hessler* 20

At Home & Abroad

KOREA WITHOUT RHEE . . . . . *Denis Warner* 23
SUGGESTION FOR A NEW LABOR POLICY . . . . . *Arthur J. Goldberg* 27
STALEMATE ON CAPITOL HILL . . . . . *Douglass Cater* 31
A TALE OF COPS, ROBBERS, AND THE VISITING PROFESSOR . . . . . *Robert Bendiner* 33

Views & Reviews

THE ERRANT VAPORETTO . . . . . *Dean Acheson* 36
GRASS GROWS IN THE DESERT . . . . . *Elspeth Huxley* 42
QUACKERY ON THE KEYS . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 45
RECORD NOTES . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 48
Books:
REBUILDING OUR CITIES TO MAN'S MEASURE . . . . . *Albert Bush-Brown* 49
'HE SPEAKS THINGS' . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 52
THE FOUR HUNDRED . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 55
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 41

Editorial and Business Offices:
660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

"Head of a Girl" by Raphael Soyer
$10 matted 14" x 18" (plus $1 shipping)

COLLECT Signed ORIGINAL ETCHINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS BY AMERICA'S FOREMOST ARTISTS

A unique cooperative venture enables you to buy original works of art for as little as $10 each. Discover for yourself — through Associated American Artists — the rare and fascinating experience of owning and collecting original works of art; works by such great artists as Hirsch, Schreiber, Soyer, Archipenko, Benton, Dehn, Greenwood, etc.

For free 44-page catalog containing 59 different illustrations of signed originals, send 25 cents for handling.

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS
605 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, Studio 109
Name
Address
City, Zone, State

Want a voice in the people's choice?
DON'T PASS THE BUCK—
VOTE!

DIG DOWN! Contribute
DIG IN! Work for your Party
and VOTE

REGISTER, VOTE AND CONTRIBUTE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latin America Joins the World

"YANQUI NO, Cuba sí," "Cuba sí, Yanqui no"—the yowl of the Cuban crowds, duly tape-recorded, has blared in our ears for so many months that it has become a familiar affliction in our daily life. To be the object of such hatred hurts, and it hurts even more to realize that the Cuban master-hater is, in turn, loved by masses of people throughout Latin America. Already that large area of the hemisphere has become a hunting ground for farsighted chasers after trouble spots: It is like Africa and Asia, they report.

There is, however, one great and seldom noticed difference between Latin America and the two continents which until a short time ago were partitioned among colonial empires. In Africa and Asia there has been a struggle for national independence, and the viability of the new countries is largely determined by the political and economic structure that has been handed down to them by their former colonial rulers.

Most Latin-American countries reached national independence in the twenties of the last century. The social structures and the sticky, musty traditions inherited from Spain were papered over with constitutions more or less copied from ours. Once Simón Bolívar's heroic efforts to bring about the unity of Spanish-speaking South America were defeated, each nation born then or later went it alone.

The Monroe Doctrine, designed to insulate the Western Hemisphere from world politics, notably contributed to sheltering Latin America from the winds of change. The various countries, large, middle-sized, or tiny, went through the experience of dictatorships or spasmodic attempts at establishing democracy; here and there they kept some centers of genteel tradition, but nearly everywhere the masses of the poor remained in wretched misery. For well over a century it was as if history had passed by Latin America, each one of the national societies proceeding on its own way, untouched by world-wide conflagrations.

LATIN AMERICA has a number of reasons to be resentful of the United States, and the major, though least admitted, of these reasons is that we failed to take it over. Even now, many an intelligent man in that part of the world fails to understand why, or thinks we have taken over Latin America anyway. Our country could have done it at the time of the great American expansion that followed the Civil War; but the major step in that direction, the treaty with the Dominican Republic to annex it to the Union, failed when, in 1869, the Senate in a 28-28 vote rejected the administration's proposal. Had the United States established its empire over Latin America, it would by now either have graduated out of it, or else it might have developed the capacity to run in freedom a plurinational society.

Be that as it may, this country neither took over Latin America nor left it quite alone. A few minor sins of interference in the internal affairs of the sister republics were committed, apart from the conquest of a large hunk of Mexico twenty-three years after the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine. For a time, the Marines took to the habit of getting themselves stationed in some minor sister republic, and of leaving it just about as messy as they found it.

When the era of Good Neighborliness came our statesmen proved as adept in the art of rhetoric as the most eloquent Latins across the table. Whenever an inter-American meeting took place, it ended with a solemn declaration named after the city in which the conference was held. If the principles in all these declarations were codified and enforced, virtue would be sovereign in this hemisphere.

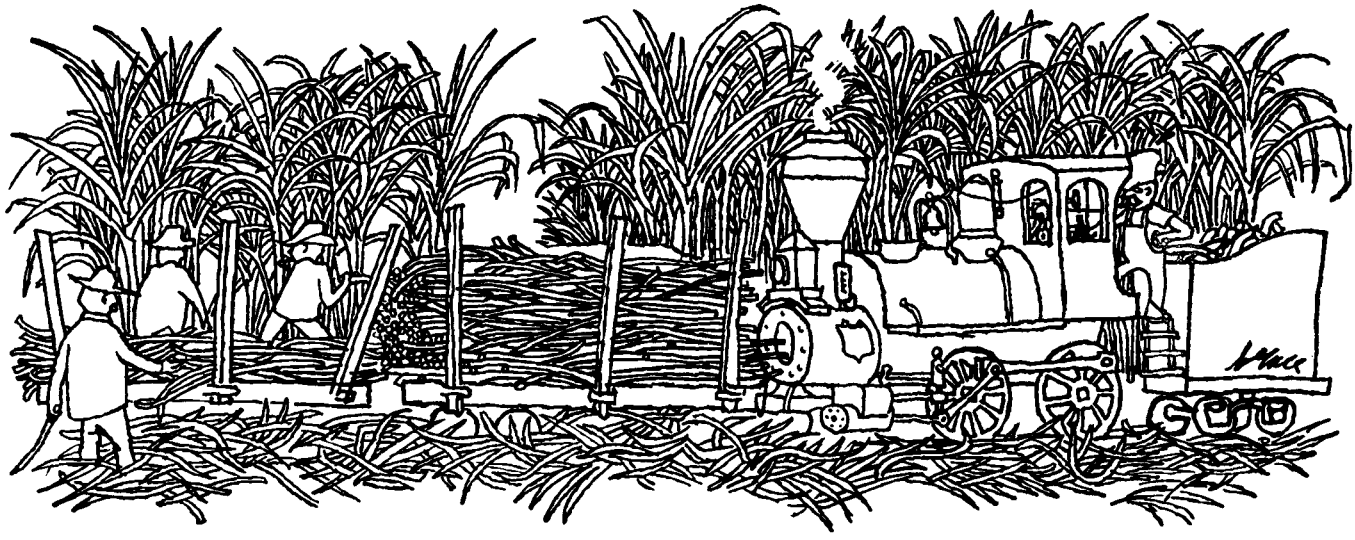
Already a number of years before Castro, Perón had shown that Latin America cannot be insulated from zooming, world-circling ideologies. He made a thorough fascist state of Argentina; and if he has been dethroned, he has nevertheless established two irrefutable facts. One is that a totalitarian dictatorship can find its main supporters and beneficiaries among the workers; the other is that under that kind of government a fairly prosperous nation can go thoroughly broke in record time.

Castro is well on his way to proving that he is a Moscow-oriented, worthy disciple of Perón. But then, even after his fall, other foci of infection are bound to spring up south of the Rio Grande. The pattern is catching, misery is everywhere, and Moscow is on the job.

PERHAPS the time has come to recognize that the Monroe Doctrine is about as obsolete as Washington's Farewell Address. It was bound to happen and it has happened: Latin America has joined the world. For a century, under the shield of that projection of American isolationism that is the Monroe Doctrine, Latin America was somewhat out of step with the rest of mankind. So were we, until first German and then Russian imperialism shook us up.

Cuba is being taken over, not by a flowery imitation of Communism but by the real thing. If the inter-American community is to be strong and real, the member nations cannot delay giving themselves governments that are both popular and free, not just in name but in fact.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sixty Minutes from Miami

GEORGE SHERMAN

THE REVOLUTION IS LAW in Cuba today, although nobody has said clearly what that law is. You are expected to be simply for or against it, and judge and be judged accordingly. Hatred and intolerance are wiping out whatever middle ground may have existed.

The Castro revolution was first nurtured in the far eastern Oriente Province with its rugged Sierra Maestra Mountains, its foothills of sugar cane and palm trees, and its two million people. Santiago de Cuba, the provincial capital, is a quiet Spanish city of steep narrow streets and red tile roofs clustered around the tropical bay. Were it not for billboards and neon lights above crowded commercial streets and the ranch-style homes in the fashionable Vista Alegre suburb, you would think Santiago had not changed for two centuries.

Down on the lowlands along Santiago Bay a "New" Vista Alegre of tiny but clean and modern-looking workers' homes is rising from the slums. Next to the symmetrical streets and unvarying blocks of gaily colored box houses you can still see the leftover dirty brick and metal shacks near latrine ditches in unpaved streets.

Out in the countryside new primary schools appear at well-publicized spots along the winding roads. Here and there the National Institute of Agrarian Reform (INRA) has put up model peasant houses beside the squalid *bohios* of thatched palm and banana leaves. A new road is inching out along the jagged Sierra Maestra coastline; when completed it will give coffee farmers in the mountains easy access to city markets.

The achievements are still small, but together with revolutionary slogans they capture the imagination of the underprivileged and illiterate. Here is a calculated whiff of the future, enough to whet the popular appetite for the new millennium.

A Sense of Betrayal

Along with these achievements goes a deep social unrest and near bankruptcy. It wasn't the passive masses who put Castro where he is. It was the businessmen, doctors, lawyers, and small plantation owners around Santiago who sacrificed their sons and their money, shuttling arms and supplies to the band of Castro rebels in the mountains. Today these contributors to the Castro revolution feel a sense of betrayal.

"We wanted an end to the Batista tyranny and a return to law and order. We suffered down here while Havana danced. Now everything is centralized up there. We have no law, we have no order, we have government by fiat." So spoke a lawyer who had lost to INRA a small sugar plantation well below the new legal limit of thirty *caballerías* (approximately one thousand acres).

These are the people who have watched the business of their port dry up as traditional trading patterns with the United States were shattered. They have heard grandiose plans for new factories, refrigeration plants, cotton gins—and seen none in action. They have felt the bottom drop out of the peso as printing presses at the Cuban National Bank turn out money to pay for public works. These are the people whom the government compels to keep on unnecessary employees and to run their businesses without necessary imports. As they go under, the government confiscates.

A frightening by-product of forced

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"equality for the masses" is racial discord. Years of intermarriage have produced mixed blood in even the oldest "white" families. Nevertheless, in Santiago about sixty per cent of the population considers itself Negro, a slightly higher percentage than elsewhere in the island. In the past, discrimination was economic, not racial. But Castro has demanded full rights for the Negro regardless of economic status. Not unnaturally, the bulk of underprivileged Negroes are now among his most ardent supporters.

For the first time in their lives, many whites are becoming consciously racist. A member of an established Santiago family told me, with emotion: "Before we did not think much about Negroes one way or another. We accepted or rejected them as individuals. Now we try to avoid all of them. Suddenly they think that being Negro makes them superior to the whites. They must be admitted everywhere. We have stopped going to public dances because Negroes attend—whatever their dress or station."

The Last Straw

A young dissident, a philosophy student at Santiago University, told me: "We live in a state of constant crisis. We support Fidel's struggle against the American interests. Cuba must be Cuban. But we also respect our western heritage. We are for economic ties with the Soviet Union but against cultural penetration. Millions of young people the world over are dying a spiritual death under Communism, and we have no wish to join them."

Santiago is a new university with five thousand students; its attractive main building of glass and airy balconies, begun under the old régime, was completed only last year. The rector is responsible to the government. The state is forcing the admission of more "workers and peasants" with enough revolutionary enthusiasm to dilute the skepticism of the older students. The head of the Student Federation, described as a revolutionary socialist, has been in office for four years. He refuses to hold new elections, and is backed by the rector.

Other young people who have seen the Castro government from the inside and been ousted for anti-Communism suffer more than the students. One young man in a town in central Cuba was nearly whipped to death by henchmen of General Batista and thrown out of the university. He fought in the Castro underground. After the revolution he rose to a high post in the new intelligence service, but at the end of last year was dismissed. At twenty-five, he has been hounded out of five jobs in eight months.

What was his crime? In charge of reassembling the Batista files, he assumed that the new government would want to keep track of the Communists and Communist sympathizers and kept their dossiers in a separate section. His sergeant informed the intelligence chief. The dossiers were ordered burned immediately: the sergeant went along to make certain of it. A week later the young man protested the illegal detention of several people without trial. That was the last straw: he was promptly given his walking papers for not having sufficient "insight" into the revolution.

To prevent all these seeds of discontent from sprouting a full-fledged opposition, the government controls all communications—press, radio, and television. "Counter-revolution" is punishable by imprisonment or death; bands of secret agents and uniformed police infiltrate every organization in the island.

The most recent example of the government's watchfulness was the sudden army raid on the two naval bases—one at Cienfuegos on the south coast of Las Villas Province, the other at Casa Blanca just across Havana Bay. Although the government has not made any direct statements, it has let it be known that its agents infiltrated the conspiracy and captured documents some three weeks before the raid. The immediate result has been to put the whole navy under army supervision.

Normal police activities are passing from the 45,000-man rebel army to the 200,000-man civilian militia recruited since the revolution. Its steadily increasing responsibilities are to guard every "stronghold" of the revolution, from Havana University to the railway stations, ports, confiscated factories, and office buildings.

The reliability of this militia is often questioned. Cubans assert that their power is far less substantial than their omnipresent blue shirts, endless marching drills, and new Czechoslovak rifles indicate. Members are volunteers, including many teen-agers, who "donate" their after-work hours. The first third of this militia, I was told, "are fanatics who will fight for their new positions. The second third are draftees from labor unions; they either volunteer or lose their jobs. The last third are rabble, the drifters and unemployed; their new uniforms make them feel important, but they will not fight."

'Fidel Taught Us Much'

One underground group that seems to be thriving in spite of the government's watchfulness is the Democratic Revolutionary Front (D.R.F.), established in Mexico City on June 22. It has both widespread organization and growing appeal in Cuba. It has not yet taken up arms. The Front is headed by respected anti-Batista men, including the young ex-head of the Castro air force, Pedro Díaz Lanz; a twenty-eight-year-old medical doctor, once a ranking member of INRA in Oriente Province, Manuel Artime; and—most important—fifty-four-year-old law professor and former Secretary of Education Aureliano Sánchez Arango.

A ranking undercover officer in Santiago explained to me: "Fidel taught us much about organizing an underground. First comes the recruiting and propaganda stage. Each man is admitted individually. He is thoroughly investigated to make sure he is neither a Batista nor a Castro man." Once accepted, the recruit can join one of two types of cells. He knows only the members in his own

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cell. "The small inner cells are for activists. They have about ten members each. Their job will be sabotage when the time comes," the officer explained. Fifty of these cells already exist in Santiago. Large "outer" cells are for less active "associate" members. Their chief task is education and fund raising. He placed the total membership of the Front in Oriente at five thousand.

They are concentrating on the cities, where power is centralized and discontent is greatest. At the moment, the chief support comes from the middle classes, who are giving what money they have left. More workers begin to join as the effects of economic dislocation filter down. Increasing unemployment, the new fifteen per cent income tax, and repeated "voluntary" levies for myriad social projects make them increasingly restive.

Officers and men in the army are said to be bitter about the transfer of their power and prestige to the civilian militia and are joining the Front. The D.R.F. is also counting on disappointment among the peasants, who are not being given their own land and are forced into cooperatives under INRA management, to "neutralize" the countryside.

CASTRO'S MILITANT nationalism is his greatest appeal. The dreaded label "American puppet" can destroy any opposition group. The Front is resolutely opposed to the old order which gave American business interests dominance in the island. It also opposes American intervention against the Castro government.

My informant explained, "We have no contacts with the American authorities. This is our fight. We must win it ourselves here in Cuba." They feel that it is extremely important to have united hemispheric support for any United States action to isolate Cuba from Soviet intervention in case of civil war. The resolution against Communist interference in the Western Hemisphere passed at the recent meeting of the Organization of American States in San José moves in that direction.

On the other hand, the opposition says that Cubans do not hate *everything* American—far from it—

but that Castro has destroyed all ground for moderation. Conviction is growing that the government—many of whose members are not Cuban—is simply using Cuba as a base for transplanting an alien revolution to all of Latin America. The vicious campaign against American imperialism becomes a mask to hide the violations of original promises to the Cuban people.

According to the D.R.F. man I interviewed, "Our aims are what Fidel said his were in the beginning: a return to constitutional government. We believe in land reform, in social reform, in Cuban independence, but we also believe in democratic law and order."

In a way, the confusion resulting from Castro's edicts helps the underground network. "Since the American imperialists are blamed for everything," my informant said, "the government cannot admit that Cubans are organizing against it. That makes it more difficult for their own intelligence to discover who we are, where we are, and how strong we are."

The Role of the Church

The Democratic Revolutionary Front also has close ties with the Roman Catholic Church, he said. Members of the Church lay organizations are among the most active opponents of Castro's régime. Recruitment has been much easier since the hierarchy issued a pastoral letter several weeks ago condemning Communist infiltration in Cuba. Castro responded with a virtual declaration of war. Consequently, this last really independent institution in the country has become a kind of shelter for the opposition.

The power of the Church to give battle in Cuba is more symbolic than real. The hierarchy is not at all eager to cross Castro. For months it sidestepped and shadow-boxed with the "maximum leader" to avoid just such a showdown.

Although eighty-five per cent of the Cuban people are baptized Catholics, the Church is far weaker there than elsewhere in Latin America. In the cities, churchgoing is more social than religious, and in the countryside strong traces of primitive voodoo still infect the religion. The Archbishop of Santiago, Msgr. Enrique Pérez Serrantes, estimates that only ten per cent of the people of Oriente Province are active Catholics.

The Church has never been a national church in Cuba. About half of its one thousand priests are imported from Spain, and only two hundred of the remaining five hundred are Cuban. During the War of Independence in the 1890's the Spanish priests sided with the Spanish government, and patriotic Cubans refused to go to Church.

After independence the Church naturally went into decline. It was separated from the state. Its power waned and its seminaries closed. It has never regained its political influence, and its cultural influence is still tenuous after sixty years. Today in a country of 6,500,000 people there are only two seminaries. Views on the wealth of the Church vary. The clergy claims it is poor; critics claim it has extensive property in town and country inherited from rich Catholic families. No statistics are available, but the government has not confiscated any Church property.

The shortage of priests is acute, and an estimated seventy per cent of the clergy live in the cities. This leaves many of the poorer rural areas without churches and religious guidance, an easy prey to Communist indoctrination. Cuban nationalists blame the maldistribution on the foreign priesthood: "Those Spanish priests will not leave the comforts of the cities," was the indictment of one young agnostic. "Cuban priests cannot make their voices heard in the hierarchy. Now it is too late. Fidel has taken the countryside."

The Church objects. It answers that priests in the city are too few;

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they can do the most good where the most people live. They say that groups of missionaries make periodic forays into the countryside to attend to the spiritual needs of the scattered campesinos and that the hierarchy is not Spanish. It is an ascertainable fact that with the sole exception of the Archbishop of Santiago, the eight archbishops and Manuel Cardinal Arteaga are all Cuban.

Right now, churchmen want to avoid a complete division that would lead to a mass desertion of the lower classes. They consistently support the humanitarian and social reforms of the revolution. They have tried to make Communism, not the government, their foe.

CASTRO DOES NOT believe in these fine distinctions. He asserts that anti-Communism is counter-revolution, and makes no exception for the Catholic Church. The Castro forces claim that fascists are imported from Franco Spain as "battle pawns" of the American embassy, that the Church supported the Batista régime and "sanctified" its murders. A magazine recently ran a picture series showing priests carousing with drink and women. A new organization, "The Cross and Our Country," has been formed by the pro-Castro Catholic elements. The function of the group, which is not recognized by the Church, is to support the "Christian" revolution; specifically, it rejects the anti-Communist position of the hierarchy. Several weeks ago it attended a Mass of thanksgiving in Havana for Prime Minister Castro's return to good health. The Mass ended in a political demonstration of the five thousand communicants.

The Priest and His Cells

The core of Catholic resistance to the Communist aspects of the Castro government at the moment is the lay organizations, which are nominally "nonpolitical." They are led by militant young clerics and laymen who believe that without social aims and action the Church will atrophy and die. Their ardor, plus the concern of the Vatican over the effects of the Castro revolution in Latin America, is said to have pushed the Cuban hierarchy into its firm stand against Castro's support of Communism.

The Young Catholic Workers (J.O.C.) trains Catholic leaders for the trade unions. The organization is small, about four thousand members between fifteen and thirty-five spread throughout the Cuban urban areas, but its work is important. J.O.C. provides both a social and educational center. At present some twenty "graduates" of the society are leaders in Cuban unions. Others have already been ejected by Communists.

"We have borrowed Communist organization techniques," explained a young Cuban priest in the ramshackle J.O.C. headquarters in Tulipan, an old residential area of Havana. "Our members join cells in their place of work and later take over groups of their own. Their responsibility, not ours, is to recruit new members. We have eighty cells, with a young activist leading each."

It was one in the morning. The priest was visibly consumed with fatigue; his voice was hoarse from overwork. "I hardly have time to say my prayers any longer," he said with a smile. Outside his office, latecomers beat out their evening entertainment on a suffering upright piano. Tunes alternated between "Come All Ye Faithful" and the latest mambo.

"Our newspaper, *Young Worker*, has the greatest impact on the workers," the priest continued. "It comes out once a month in thirteen thousand copies. We estimate that thirty thousand workers in five hundred trade unions read it. They have no other independent newspaper to read now."

The newspaper is an astoundingly unorthodox combination of popular journalism, staunch trade unionism, radical anti-Communism, suitable criticism of the "North American" State Department, and praise for Fidel Castro's industrialization plans. The government, no less than conservative elements in the Church hierarchy, must find this support for the revolution embarrassing.

"We are not against the revolution. We support it wholeheartedly," the priest told me. "But Fidel Castro has become identical with the Communists. Now we must save his revolution from him."

THIS TALK of "saving the revolution" dominates Cuba today. But disagreement about what the revolution must be saved from is profound. Across town in a shiny new office taken over from the Havana municipal government, an INRA official spoke of saving the Cuban people from themselves. The conflict grows every day, and one is left wondering who of all the would-be saviors—of the revolution, of the Cuban people—will be able to save Cuba.

The Dilemma of Sr. Lopez Mateos

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

MEXICO CITY

MEXICO'S leaders have hoped that their country might serve as a bridge between the English-speaking giant to the north and the whole of Latin America. And indeed since 1943, when the petroleum expropriation of the 1930's finally was resolved amicably by Presidents Manuel Avila Camacho and Franklin D. Roosevelt, the two nations have experienced remarkably little friction.

Yet in the last month or so, under the strains of the diplomatic tension over Cuba, Mexican-American relations have reached a seventeen-year low. In July thousands of Mexican students in the Paseo de la Reforma demonstrated twice in one week against the Yankee. Some thousands of Americans, including several large convention groups, have since canceled plans for Mexican vacations. And some of the U.S. capital destined for investment in Mexico has been held back until the dust settles. That may take a while, for Mexico is a windy place just now.

The Fat in the Fire

The present deterioration of U.S.-Mexican relations began on July 7, when a Mexican legislative leader, Emilio Sánchez Piedras, publicly con-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demned the United States for "closing the doors of its friendship and understanding in the face of the yearnings of the Cuban people to live in liberty and economic independence."

The impact in the United States was immediate, and vastly greater than any Mexican could have foreseen. U.S. citizens had come to look on Mexico as a mature country, one that welcomes foreign capital and treats it justly, one that pays equitably when it expropriates, and one that refuses to play off Russia or any other foreign power against the United States. At Ambassador Robert Hill's request, the Mexican government promptly announced that Sánchez Piedras was not speaking for it and that foreign policy is exclusively the province of the executive branch. Later Sánchez Piedras said he was speaking merely as an individual; this got the dominant P.R.I. (Partido Revolucionario Institucional) off the hook. But the train of events beginning with the anti-Yankee street demonstrations followed.

Relations may get worse before they get better. Anti-U.S. agitation is a heady wine; and once the cask has been opened, students, leftist politicians, and trade unionists are bound to imbibe to excess before they discover what headaches are involved. There was some danger that U.S. handling of the Cuban sugar quota might stir new anger here. Some substantial friendly Mexicans have told me indignantly that Mexico "never would sell the U.S. extra sugar at the expense of the suffering Cuban people." But sugar growers feel differently. They were overjoyed when on July 21 the United States allocated 250,540 more tons to Mexico. And the leftists here who were prepared to scream in self-righteous fury when Trujillo's Dominican Republic got the biggest quota had no ammunition, because Trujillo's new quota was left in abeyance.

Popular fear and distrust of the United States are never far below the surface. Mexicans recall the long, bitter conflict with the United States over land and oil all during the great revolution from 1910 to 1940—as well as a war 112 years ago in which the United States took more than half of Mexico's national territory. Yet so great is Mexico's dependence on the United States that President Adolfo López Mateos cannot risk an outright breach—or even a position that would offend the *norteamericanos*. Tourism alone makes harmony with the United States a vital matter; it generates twenty-three per cent of the country's foreign-exchange earnings. By comparison, coffee, cotton, sugar, lead, zinc, sisal, or any other export is a modest item on the balance sheet.

THE DILEMMA is a baffling one for President López Mateos. He has to keep well to the Left in domestic policy, or be undermined by critics demanding that the social revolution go forward. Yet if Mexico

is to get on with its flashy economic expansion, fairly conservative policies are required behind the semantic smoke screen of revolutionary slogans. At the same time, he has to avoid any appearance of subservience to the United States, and to lend support, verbal at least, to any sister republic engaged in social revolution or in battle with the Colossus of the North.

With respect to the first problem, domestic economic policy, López Mateos inherited the semantic obligations of continuing revolution. He has to pay lip service, at least, to the crusading Left. But he also fell heir to the fairly conservative policies which in practice have been followed increasingly since 1940, when Lázaro Cárdenas finished his term.

Since then, the revolution has slowed down, if indeed it has not ground to a halt. Land distribution has continued; but this is a trickle, not a flow. In recent years, *Seguro Social* has built some new and quite good low-rent housing from social-security funds contributed by insured workers and employers. There is more under way. But this is mainly limited to a few major urban centers, and it helps only some tens of thousands of families who had been particularly ill-housed before.

Current wage policies and new social legislation are no longer advancing the well-being of the mass of people, although this is partly justified by the marked slowdown of the rate of inflation in the last three or four years. The most grievous failure of the revolution lies elsewhere: Mexico still has no progressive personal income tax. Workers near the level of bare subsistence pay the equivalent of forty per cent on their meager incomes. Well-to-do professionals and businessmen pay nothing remotely comparable. A responsible Mexican economist told me tax reform is today the most urgent need of the country, both in terms of social justice and the creation of a healthy national economy. But he saw no hope of early action. The "continuing revolution" doesn't have that much momentum left. Its leaders are rich men for whom "revolution" has been a highly profitable venture, and who today employ the catchwords of social justice to mask their abandonment of revolution in fact. But there are those, especially Cárdenas, who make it their business unceasingly to press for a revival of the old tempo.

Revolutionary Semantics

López Mateos is not a strong figure, compared with some of his predecessors. He cannot ignore these proddings. Some weeks ago, a doctrinal argument among P.R.I. leaders got under way. Just how far Left should the party's and the nation's policies be? A party wheelhorse and political general, Alfonso Corona del Rosal, coined a phrase to define the orientation of the P.R.I.: the *"atinada izquierda,"* the precise Left, the true Left, the moderate Left. One translation is as good as another, because the phrase means nothing anyway in a country where even the most conservative businessmen profess loyalty to the *izquierda.*

But the newspapers made such fun of this empty phrase, *atinada izquierda,* that López Mateos had to do something. On a visit to Sonora, he proclaimed that his government was of the *extrema izquierda*—the ex-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treme Left. He added, "within the constitution." This helped a trifle, but at the price of alarming many persons who took "extreme Left" literally.

Then came the Sánchez Piedras outburst of July 7. It *could* have been merely a further clarification of P.R.I. doctrine. But he brought in Cuba—needlessly. And so there began the chain of adverse consequences we have seen. What makes it profoundly unfortunate is that the president of Mexico is now caught in the middle. The doctrinal argument over shadings of leftism concerned domestic policy only. But once it was entangled with policy vis-à-vis Cuba and the U.S.A., López Mateos was trapped. Consequently, the Mexican government has been handicapped in its efforts to play a helpful role in the Cuban-American imbroglio. By various inept moves, sympathy with Cuba has been made part of Mexico's internal war of revolutionary semantics.

I have met some intelligent Mexicans who know very well—and admit—that Fidel Castro's revolution is not a simple repetition of Mexico's, and that Cuba's fight with the United States is not a recurrence of Mexico's long legal struggle with the Colossus. There are three major differences. Mexico paid when it expropriated, and had a historic legal claim to subsoil mineral rights to bolster its petroleum policy—plus a refusal of foreign oil companies to conform with Mexican law. Mexico's revolution grew out of Mexican social evils, and took shape in Mexican political ideas. It borrowed no ideology from abroad—certainly not from Russia, for the Mexican revolution antedated the Russian by seven years. Finally, although at one stage, around 1940, it flirted a bit with the Axis powers, Mexico did *not* turn to a powerful enemy of the United States to make deals that opened the door to intrusion of a hostile great power and a hostile ideology into this hemisphere, as Castro has done.

Nevertheless, the superficial similarity is there. Cuba is doing, in Castro's flamboyant and heedless way, what Mexico did earlier—seizing oil properties, battling the Catholic Church, redistributing agricultural land, defying the power of the United States. For the rank and file here, that is basis enough for comradeship. As for Mexico's revolutionary leaders, the elder statesmen who still call the turns, they are now old and fat and rich. They are content, most of them, with a watered-down revolution, as comes natural to wealthy men. But it pleases them to keep alive the slogans and doctrines with which they electrified the country and earned their fame as young revolutionaries. Castro reminds them of their heroic youth. The sugar reprisals at Washington, recalling bitter chapters of Mexico's history, were enough to scrape away the thin scar tissue that has covered the old revolutionaries' nearly forgotten anger and the simple Mexicans' underlying envy and distrust.

At the Organization of American States meetings in San Jóse, Costa Rica, both Mexican and other Latin-American sentiment was appreciably changed by the vigorous U.S. exposition of the facts of the Soviet-Chinese role in Cuba plus the Castro government's violent and defiant attitude in defense of its Communist sponsorship. Mexico's foreign minister, Manuel Tello, was prompted to remind the Cubans that Mexico had made its revolution without recourse to aid from outside the hemisphere, and to suggest that Cuba should do the same. And yet when the nineteen states remaining after Cuba and the Dominican Republic had walked out voted to condemn Communist interference in the Western Hemisphere—but not Cuba directly—Mexico joined in only with reservations.

Cárdenas in the Wings

Some republics can afford to go along openly with the United States, or even help fight its battles, when its policy makes good sense to them. It is much more difficult for Mexico because of the degree to which it prides itself as the country of continuing revolution, the first in the hemisphere to defy the United States and get away with it, and because it is an eternal aspirant to leadership in a bloc where leadership is defined as the power and the courage to defy Washington.

Meanwhile, Mexican businessmen—who have a voice today as they did not until recent years—are quietly exerting pressure for quick and full restoration of cordial relations. Both tourism and the inflow of investment funds are threatened. Yet if López Mateos bows to this pressure he is also bowing to Washington, and—worse—disavowing the concept of the *extrema izquierda,* which is now linked to solidarity with Cuba in the popular mind. This would undermine him in his undeclared but deadly battle with Lázaro Cárdenas.

As the tide of Mexican economic progress has engulfed the quest for social justice, Lázaro Cárdenas has become the grand old man of Mexican politics. By the yardstick of accomplishment, he was the greatest of Mexico's presidents. As no other has done in the last half century, he won the hearts of the Mexican masses. And although out of office twenty years, he has not lost them. He was the first to travel throughout the country, listening to the hopes and complaints of the impoverished peasants. Like all other Mexican presidents, Cárdenas made himself wealthy in office. Unlike the others, however, he has remained an uncompromising revolutionary—so much so that even though his first loyalty is to Mexico, he defines Mexico's national needs and proper goals in terms that the Kremlin can approve. Cárdenas' recent visit to Cuba especially alarmed the well-fed verbal revolutionaries of the López Mateos group, for it seemed at the time to hold the threat of stampeding Mexican press and public opinion for Castro—to the further detriment of Mexican-U.S. relations.

The danger of a Communist sweep in Mexico is not altogether imaginary. True, the Mexican Communist Party is infinitesimal. Even the Partido Popular, closely akin, polls less than one per cent of the vote. But the engines of Communist power are there, and in readiness. Several major trade unions are Communist-controlled, and the major confederation as well. There are a few Communists among university students, enough to make noise and help create a mood. Castro's agents are here in some numbers, and apparently have a free hand to do whatever they like without punishment. The Soviet Union maintains its largest Latin-American embassy staff here, the central clearinghouse for all Soviet machinations south of the Rio Grande.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These agencies of Communist power have had little impact, because Mexico has had a revolutionary program and ideology of its own. Even a revolution now largely verbal and retrospective is a bulwark against Communism. But the Communist forces are ready to spring into action whenever a favorable climate is created by a reversal of the advance in living standards or by a really violent and widespread wave of anti-U.S. popular feeling. As is obvious, a Communist-oriented Mexico would be a far more serious matter for the United States than a Communist Cuba.

Nobody quite knows the measure of Cárdenas' power today, but knowledgeable men here in Mexico City assert flatly that if he chose he could flout the rigid constitutional ban against a second term and regain the presidency—and the near-absolute power that goes with it—unless blocked by a united and forceful top leadership in the army. The army, however, likes prosperity almost as well as do Mexican businessmen. It has become a conservative political force. And the well-heeled "old revolutionaries" have so great a stake in the booming non-socialist economy that they too are basically a conservative factor of magnitude. In combination, the army officer corps, the new business class, and the rich politicians would seem to be a quite sturdy barrier against any Communist take-over attempt. Only a long and severe economic deterioration could undermine these built-in safeguards against Communism.

Such is the painful and intricate dilemma of U.S.-Mexican relations. The spark was the blundering outburst of Emilio Sánchez Piedras, a man of little importance and no judgment. The tinder was the misleading similarity of Cuba's alien-dominated revolution to Mexico's authentic and indigenous revolution of decades past. But the fuel for the fire, laid long ago, was the accumulated suspicion and resentment of the Mexican people toward anything that might resemble coercive pressure from the massive, wealthy power at their northern frontier. It is not a conflagration. But it is a fire that won't burn itself out overnight.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Korea Without Rhee

DENIS WARNER

SEOUL

The second republic of South Korea has begun life as inauspiciously as the first. The lack of political maturity so apparent in factional quarrels within the Democratic Party before the election of July 29 and the squabble for leadership since then have already dashed the hopes of those who looked for political stability. With Syngman Rhee's Liberal Party discredited and the left wing not yet organized, the Democrats were uniquely placed to govern with authority. Instead, the political manipulations that followed the struggle for power between the "new" and "old" Democratic factions merely abused the electors' confidence: both factions have revealed an interest in authority for authority's sake that threatens to result in further splits and chronic administrative instability at a time when national interest demands unity.

The "old" faction, led by Kim Do Yun, did not take the loss of the election to Dr. John Myun Chang of the "new" faction with good grace. Nor was the slim majority in the house of representatives that made Chang the premier by 117 votes to 107 sufficient to ensure stability even within the new faction. Chang is a leader of uncertain judgment and mediocre talents. In the challenging days ahead, he is likely to find loyalty hard to command, especially within a party that places personalities above policies. That this is a readily exploitable situation is unfortunately more apparent to Peking and Moscow than it is to Korean politicians. Thus the announcement that Khrushchev is contemplating a visit to North Korea is more closely related to events in Seoul than to any desire on the part of the Soviet leader to go sightseeing in Pyongyang. A well-timed offer to bring about unification of the two Koreas on even moderately acceptable terms would certainly have explosive repercussions here among people to whom partition seems the primary cause of the ills. Dr. Chang may have

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had this in mind on August 27 when he said that he would ask the U.N. to supervise elections throughout Korea to bring about unification.

The Student-Teachers

It must also be reported, however, that the months since the revolution have revealed some unexpected strengths. For years it was predicted in Seoul that when Syngman Rhee died chaos would follow. His departure was even more dramatic than death itself—but there was no chaos. Tensions within the army were serious, yet moderation prevailed. There were arrests aplenty—but no lynching or widespread mob violence. The interim government was not highly regarded, yet it held the country together, changed the constitution, and prepared the way for eleven million Koreans to go to the polls on July 29 in the most honest and democratic elections they have ever known.

That the elections were not the occasion for bloodshed and violence was in itself an achievement. That they were honest was unique. But that they were the product of an informed electorate was astonishing. One U.N. observer who spent two weeks before polling day traveling in the remote areas of the south found only one voter, an old man, who did not know why Rhee was no longer president and was not acquainted with the personalities involved in the election or the issues at stake.

I made my own inquiries in the rural areas of central Korea on election day and found the same basically well-informed electorate. I do not think it is too sweeping to say that never before in Asia has an electorate been so well and so impartially briefed on the issues. For this the Koreans could thank their university and high-school students.

After the revolution succeeded to a degree they never expected, the students set themselves two tasks: to demand governmental and commercial austerity and morality and to tell the Korean people about the events that led to Rhee's fall and their responsibilities in the election. Throughout July, student enlightenment teams from the Seoul National University and the College of Liberal Arts visited every village in South Korea, not to canvass votes for candidates but to make sure that the reasons for the revolution and the new elections were understood. In a sense, of course, the students were campaigning against the Liberal Party; and a lunatic fringe from other schools and universities participated in post-election ballot-box burnings and riots in isolated areas of the south. On balance, however, the student influence was exemplary and highly beneficial, free of the more sinister organizational aspects that might have been expected.

When the students declared in April that they had no leaders and that their actions were spontaneous, many believed their protestations were merely a wise precaution against reprisals. Today the students still insist that there is no over-all political organization and that the idea of carrying on with the work of protecting the freedom they have won was as spontaneous as the decision that caused their colleagues to link arms and chant their slogans as they walked to their death on April 19 at the barricades.

ANOTHER unexpected potential source of strength lies in the countryside. A first glimpse of the horrors of Pusan, or even the misery of parts of Seoul, is a disheartening experience. The neglect of country roads and highways and the obvious poverty of the peasant cottages also give a first impression that Korea is one great rural slum, as hopeless as the cities. Yet since the end of the Second World War the peasant community has been a constant and stable force. If it had been heavily subverted or infiltrated by the Communists, in 1950 the main supply route of the hard-pressed U.N. forces would have been quickly destroyed, and the history books would tell a different story of the Korean War.

Almost the only sign of economic improvement in the peasant's lot in the past decade is that he has substituted cheap rubber slippers for sandals of rice straw. He is still his own beast of burden, moving across fields and along tracks bent almost double under the load carried on the A-frame on his back. The peasant cottages have none of the electric cookers, washing machines, and television sets that one sees in rural Japan. And though there have been two bumper rice crops in succession, the rural population has found itself in the grip of a cost-price squeeze as grain prices have remained weak and other commodity prices have risen precipitously. The essential fact, however, is that what were once known as the "starvation months" at the end of winter and the beginning of spring have lost their terror. Though the peasant is often underemployed, he gets enough to eat, and, thanks to the early postwar land-reform program, he is not plagued by landlords. Next to the students who want to give democracy a real chance, the improved lot of the peasants is the most encouraging aspect of the Korean situation today.

The Democrats' Split

Politically, the prospects are not encouraging. The Democrats swept into office because they were the only party with a machine and with funds. The April uprising, the resignation and flight of Rhee, and revelations of Liberal Party ballot rigging and of widespread corruption and influence peddling throughout the country provided the Democrats with a unique opportunity. It was obvious from the moment the new elections were announced that they would win by a landslide. After negotiations lasting a month, the "new" and the "old" factions of the Democratic Party agreed to share the official nominations for both the house of representatives and the new house of councilors. But the party had no sooner nominated its candidates than dissatisfied members of both factions got themselves nominated in opposition to official party candidates. In some constituencies, three or four Democrats contested the same seat.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The long-simmering dispute between the two factions then became open warfare. While Dr. Chough Pyung Ok was alive, the "old" faction had been in the ascendancy; with his death in the United States some weeks before the March election, the leadership passed to Dr. John Chang and the "new" faction. In platform, policy, and principle there never has been much difference between the two factions. Members of the "old" faction are, as the name implies, generally older and mostly founding members of the party in the 1940's. Most of the "new" faction members are younger and joined the party only in 1955. The "old" faction, under Chough, who spent seven years in a Japanese prison, used to be strongly opposed to Japan; Chang, who was a schoolteacher during the Japanese period, believes that closer relations between Korea and Japan are essential.

With the new split, the two factions established separate electioneering centers and promoted separate strategies, even down to funds, information, and stumping. In search of allies to form a government, they looked not to members of the rival faction but to former Liberals and some of the other more promising of the 993 candidates running as independents. Concerned with the emergence of more progressive parties, both factions began to play up social-welfare elements in the common party platform, though it was obvious that given the state of the Korean economy neither faction could hope to keep its promises.

The leadership was scarcely more encouraging than the conduct of the factions. Posun Yun and Kim Do Yun, the "old" faction leaders, are little known. Yun, sixty-two, urbane and dignified, and a member of an old and rich family, was educated at Edinburgh University. Kim, sixty-six, like the late Dr. Chough was educated at Columbia, and also served as his campaign manager. Yun was mayor of Seoul in 1947-1948, and Kim was minister of finance in Lee Bum Suk's 1948 cabinet. Today, their principal claim to leadership is their length of service and seniority in the party. Neither is a strong leader, but both are esteemed as "very fine old gentlemen" who have remained Korean in habit, thought, speech, and action.

Smiling, ineffective Dr. John Chang, formerly ambassador to the United States and again a premier (the first time during the Korean War), has retained far more of the influence of his Manhattan College education. Though he is regarded as a man of high principle, he has been accused of acting, dressing, speaking, and thinking like a westerner. He is also the lay leader of Korea's 225,000 Roman Catholics.

The R.O.K. Role

The army is a continuing cause of disquiet, though the danger that dissatisfied junior officers would revolt against the command appears to have passed. General Song Yo Chang, former commander of the Capitol Division, one of the best fighting forces in the Korean War, and more recently army chief of staff, played a significant part in averting this crisis, both by accepting the blame for the forces' part in the March ballot rigging and by his restraint as martial-law commander. It was Rhee's intention to predate the martial-law order on April 19 to 1 P.M., thereby justifying that afternoon's massacre. Sensing that this might be the plan, Song, who had been on a visit to Pusan, delayed reporting until it was too late for Rhee's stratagem to work. This action and his subsequent refusal to open fire on the demonstrators saved the revolution, but it did not save him his job. His resignation, together with those of General Paik Sun Yup, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Lieutenant General Yu Jae Hung, the R.O.K. field commander, were accepted by the interim government. Song plans to study at Georgetown University this fall. Paik has been appointed ambassador to the Philippines.

While these resignations helped to soothe feelings against Rhee appointees, they did not alleviate the deeper unrest among the ill-paid junior officers, who still see little hope of enjoying the plums of office that came to many senior officers in their early thirties. In the R.O.K. Army today a major receives 55,000 hwan a month (about forty-six dollars at a realistic rate of exchange; about twice as much at the official rate), a captain 46,000, and a master sergeant 36,000. Since American experts estimate that a married Korean officer with three children needs a minimum of 65,000 hwan a month for bare subsistence, the reasons for the R.O.K. Army's discontent and black-market operations are patent. The Democrats hope to build morale by reducing the army from its present figure of about 650,000 to approximately 450,000 and to plow back the savings into higher pay. Superficially, this seems sound, but the American military is opposed on the grounds that it represents an unwise weakening of the R.O.K. forces, whose eighteen divisions are today opposed by eighteen North Korean infantry divisions and one armored division. It would also pose a serious economic problem: soldiers would be hard pressed to find jobs in competition with the two or three million unemployed. At the end of August

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finance Minister Kim Yung said that troop reduction would be deferred to a post-1961 budget.

Another branch of the security services whose morale leaves room for concern is the police. Though only a relatively few top leaders have been imprisoned and others have merely been shuffled around the country, Koreans report that much of the force's former disciplinary power and arrogance have gone. While the police role in stuffing ballot boxes in March was only one more crime in a long list of tyrannies that persisted through the years of Japanese tutelage and reached their worst depths when thousands of political prisoners were murdered in cold blood during the Korean War, many Koreans frankly admit that relaxed controls may open the way to subversive tactics on the part of the Communists.

Quick Profits, Enduring Poverty

The state of the economy is chronically dismal. Though it improved slightly in the financial year ending June 30, 1960, the trade gap was a huge $291 million, with exports totaling only $19 million. For everything but rice, which went down, prices of consumer goods continued to rise alarmingly.

Industry suffers from four major deficiencies—electric power, able management, skilled technicians, and indigenous raw materials. Steps have been taken to remedy the power situation, but the other three cannot easily be improved. Management is especially weak, and the universities send their graduates to industry only half trained. This year, inadequate winter and spring rains cut heavily into the output of hydroelectric power; and after April, arrests of industrialists on charges of graft and corruption brought other industries to a standstill.

The fact is, South Korea has never been established as a going concern and may never be so established. United States economic aid has reached a cumulative total of almost $2.5 billion. It would be a gross misstatement to say there is no evidence of it. One can see the reconstruction of cities, towns, and railways especially. But by far the greater portion of American aid today goes not to economic development projects but to the import of "salables," which include a wide range of machinery, equipment, fertilizers, petroleum, and raw materials. These are sold for hwan to Korean enterprises, the hwan thus received going into a counterpart fund. A cut in allocations last year led to a reduction of U.S. grants to the "project" sector of the economy from $35 million to $20 million, whereas $177.8 million went to "salables," including $25 million in surplus agricultural commodities.

Because of the current multiple exchange rates, the "salables" part of the program is wide open to racketeering. For instance, some $30 million worth of cotton, the largest single import, was brought in last year at a rate of 800 hwan to the dollar and was sold at prices based on a ratio of 1,400 hwan to the dollar on the open market.

The coming year must be a period of consolidation, of leveling off and cleaning out. Even if the aid were available, therefore, any immediate extension of the "project" sector of the program would be undesirable, and the emphasis is likely to remain on "salables," which at least have the effect of preventing runaway inflation. But it is certain that the peasants will not take kindly to further imports of surplus agricultural products, since they are already convinced that the low prices for food grains are due directly to the competitive effect of grain imports. To the American argument that grain imports are in wheat and barley and not in rice and that the flour is used in making noodles for the poor, the Koreans reply that because of the unprecedently low prices the flour-milling industry is operating at only some forty per cent of capacity.

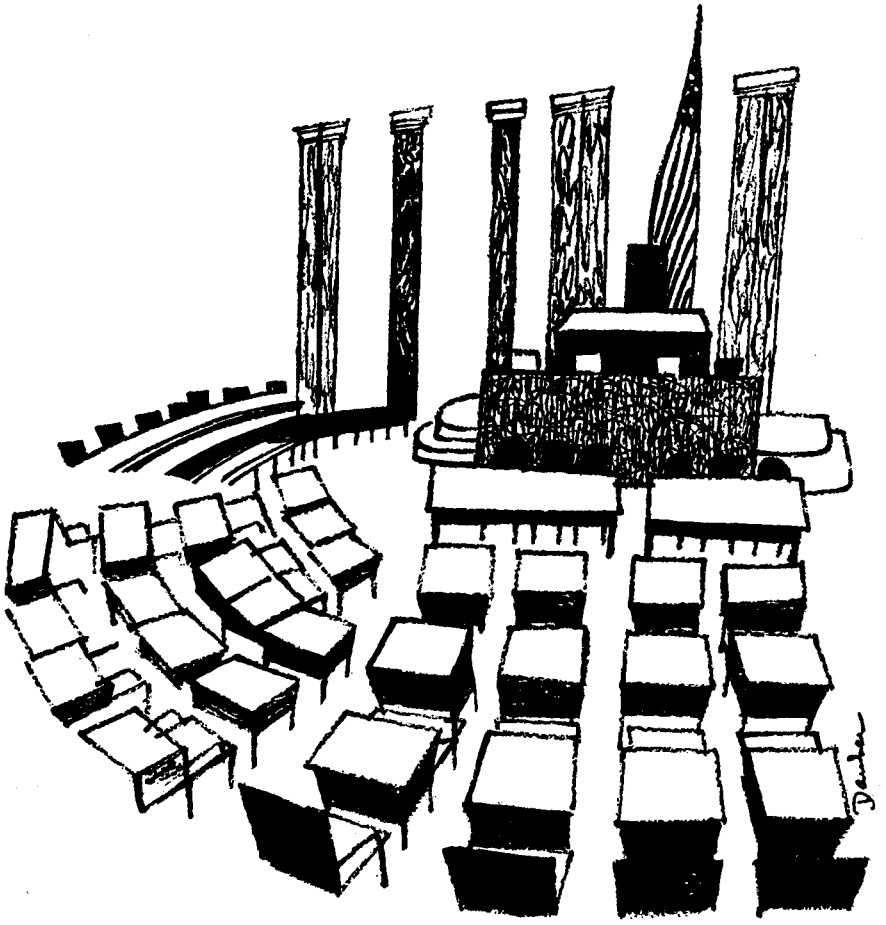
Such arguments, however valid, are peripheral. Korea is and will remain dependent on American aid, which finances almost seventy-five per cent of civilian import requirements. But there are obvious ways in which aid may be put to better use. The "old" faction of the Democratic Party celebrated the election results with a call for a blood, sweat, and tears program, and, thanks largely to the efforts of the students, there is general public recognition of the need for economic reforms and the maximum utilization of all available resources, including U.S. aid. The Democrats are committed to establishing the exchange rate at a more realistic level. This will have the multiple effect of helping domestic industry, improving the prospects for export trade, and eliminating improper windfall profits.

The resumption of normal trade with Japan is likely. Japan's decision to import thirty thousand tons of Korean rice was a valuable step, since the only other, and extremely limited, market for Korean rice exports is in the Ryukyus. The visit of Foreign Minister Zentaro Kosaka to Seoul on September 6 may further improve relations between the two countries.

It cannot be said that prospects for substantially increased exports are encouraging, however. Coal production increased last year from open-cut mines, but the coal is of poor quality and production may be expected to fall off as it becomes necessary to sink shafts. Despite intensive efforts to re-establish the fishing industry, the catch (which would be welcomed by Japan) has never reached levels prevailing before the Second World War. Vague schemes for promoting tourist trade as a means of obtaining foreign revenue and the enactment, late in 1959, of a law encouraging foreign investment cannot be taken very seriously.

Since the prospects are for less rather than more American aid, Korea's economic outlook is not bright, even granted austere and honest government by the present régime. Yet nothing is more certain than that failure to produce results will bring the students into action once again. Their current warmth toward the United States (occasioned by the widespread belief that General Song had American orders not to fire on the university demonstrators) may not withstand the winter of discontent and disillusion that seems to lie ahead. In total support, including the maintenance of the two American divisions, the air component, and aid to the R.O.K. ground, air, and sea forces, Korea has been costing the United States hundreds of millions of dollars a year. It will need great care, wise diplomacy, and a share of luck if this substantial investment is to be saved from deterioration and disaster.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Suggestion for a New Labor Policy

ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO when we demobilized, we also dismantled the wartime agencies that had been established in the management-labor area to further the war effort. We disestablished the War Labor Board—the tripartite agency that so effectively had implemented the voluntary no-strike, no-lockout pledge that labor and management had taken. We put an end to the War Manpower Commission and the War Production Board, which, with the co-operation of labor and management, had helped mobilize manpower and industry.

We know now that just as we were hasty and naïve when we demobilized our army and armament, so we too hastily terminated those wartime agencies, designed to establish a sense of mutuality of interest and purpose between labor and management, which had provided invaluable support for our war effort.

To say this is in no way to deny the fact that since the war, our free-enterprise system and our free trade unions have contributed tremendously to the wealth of our country and the welfare of our people. In the last fifteen years a drastic departure has been made from the traditional "put it in the pay packet" attitude of collective bargaining in the United States. The major achievements of collective bargaining, since 1949 particularly, have been in the "fringe" area. The word "fringe" is an unprepossessing word, but it serves as an umbrella which covers gains and accomplishments of tremendous social importance. Today, millions of American workers, organized and unorganized, have company-paid pension plans. In the area of social insurance encompassing hospitalization, sick benefits, medical care, and the like, results have been even more spectacular, particularly considering that they were achieved without any government prompting or government program. These developments, and others like supplementary unemployment benefits, have greatly increased the security and well-being of both the worker and his family.

IN A WORLD AT PEACE and progressing at a normal pace, we could continue to rely upon our normal and traditional processes in both labor and management. But we live in an age of revolutionary technological change and extraordinary international tension. Traditional practices, which have served us so well, must be adapted to a period in which our whole way of life is being put to a test. They must also be adapted to an age in which our industrial society is being transformed by technological advance. Both labor and management must jointly recognize that automation is necessary and indispensable if we are to remain the greatest industrial producing country of the world.

It is not generally appreciated that a significant part of our industrial plant in America is antiquated. Economists have estimated that about $95 billion worth of plant and equipment is obsolete or rapidly becoming so. Business must accelerate the rate of plant and equipment improvement and replacement. The labor movement should be prepared to support and stimulate proper programs for the rapid replacement of this obsolete equipment.

For its part, business must face the fact that human values must be preserved in an age of automation. We cannot tolerate any repetition of the abuses that took place during the first Industrial Revolution. Business should recognize that we must develop the necessary programs to ensure that the benefits of automation do not bring widespread unemployment. Both business and labor must recognize that neither business nor labor alone—or the two of them in collective bargaining—can meet all

(*Continued on page 30*)

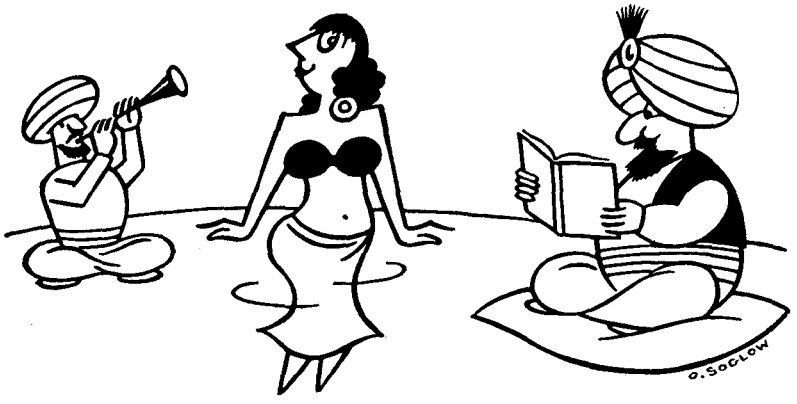
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO'S

FALL CLEARANCE

SALE

OF BOOKS AND PRINTS



ROYAL PLEASURES AT BARGAIN PRICES

yours from Marboro if you act promptly

SAVE UP TO 85%

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. R-601, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below:

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C.O.D.* *Minimum purchase $3.00.*

☐ Charge my Diners' Club account # _____ } Limited to orders of $5.00 or more.

☐ Charge my American Express account # _____

1111 1155 1174 1414 1822 1826 2124 2126 2342 2368 2443 2887 2894 2961

3017 3151 3294 3349 3352 3430 3431 3488 3562 3618 3635 3637 3638 3664

3683 3711 3712 3713 3714 3723 3753 3844 3868 3880 3907 3915 3916 3917

3920 3922 3924 3937 6277 6293 6549 7334 8578 9051

P168 P633 P761 P764 P765 P766 P768 P770 P772 P774 P775

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular

New York City residents add 3% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.
10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP
47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street
56 West 8th Street • 390 Fulton Street (Brooklyn)

3844. ADAM'S RIB. By Robert Graves. A beautiful volume, printed in two colors, in which a noted interpreter of ancient myths presents his interesting theories about the Book of Genesis. A fascinating thesis, to which have been added 36 wood engravings by James Metcalf, done in the ancient Canaanite style. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

3017. THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ. By Leonard Feather. Foreword by Duke Ellington. Here is a big book that captures the whole exciting world of jazz—1065 biographies of all the important figures in jazz, 200 magnificent photographs, a brief history of jazz, a basic collection of jazz records, a musical analysis of jazz, and much, much more. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.98**

3723. THREE NOVELS OF COLETTE. *Gigi, Chance Acquaintances, Julie de Carneilhan,* all complete, showing three facets of Colette's inimitably drawn worlds of love and music halls and Parisian high society and their colorful inhabitants. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

8578. DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY. Ed. by D. D. Runes. Invaluable for the layman, student or teacher. All-embracing in content, clear and authoritative in its exposition and explanation of such terms as Platonism, Thomism, Idealism, Pragmatism, Semantics, etc. Includes concise biographies of the leading thinkers from earliest times to the present. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

2887. ON RAILROADS. By P. Ransome-Wallis. A railroad enthusiast sets down his experiences of 30 years concerning railroads in England, America, the Continent, Africa and Asia; with many illustrations of interest to fellow enthusiasts. Intro. by Cecil J. Allen. *Special* **1.49**

6549. AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA. By Ralph Ginzburg. Intro. by Theodor Reik; preface by George Jean Nathan. A forthright, lucid discussion of the 2,000 classics of erotica in the rare book rooms and restricted shelves of the world's great libraries—synopses and extracts of famous works, descriptions of erotica collections, etc. Fine binding; boxed. *Special* **2.98**

P-770. BRAQUE: TORERO. A fascinating blend of stylization and abstraction in which an almost realistic but highly designed torero, in black and white, waves his red cape at a decidedly abstract brown bull, with a picador and the stands outlined against the gray wash background. Silk screen. 14" wide x 20" high. *Special* **4.95**

3683. FILM: Book 1. Ed. by Robert Hughes. Articles by some of the world's leading film artists and critics on the process and purposes of film-making and the problems that the serious filmmaker faces. Photos and an illustrated feature by R. Osborn. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

2342. THE GARDENS IN THE ROYAL PARK AT WINDSOR. By Lanning Roper. 45 full-color illustrations and 59 black-and-white pictures of the most beautiful gardens in the world—the Royal Park at Windsor. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **1.98**

2894. REMBRANDT—48 Paintings in Full Color. Intro. & notes by Trewin Copplestone. Portraits, self-portraits, group portraits, religious and genre paintings from the total output of this greatest of masters. The paintings are grouped in themes for a better understanding of the aims of the artist. 9½" x 11". *Special* **1.98**

2443. A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY: The Triumphs and Defeats of Adlai E. Stevenson. By Kenneth S. Davis. A penetrating study of the man who may yet be the Democratic choice for the 1960 presidential elections. A complete biography of Stevenson as midwestern boy, lawyer, politician and intellectual. *Special* **1.00**

3638. Chess from Morphy to Botvinnik: A CENTURY OF CHESS EVOLUTION. By Imre Konig. The fascinating story of how the masters have developed the famous openings and ideas of play. Illustrates over 100 fully annotated games. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

3294. MISTRESS TO AN AGE: The Life of Mme. de Stael. By J. Christopher Herold. Mistress of Talleyrand, promised to Pitt and married to a Swedish noble, she dominated the worlds of Love, literature, politics and conversation during the Napoleonic era. "A witty, wise and ironical biography . . ."—*Clifton Fadiman.* Many photos. *Orig. pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.00**

1174. SECOND SITTING. By John Everard. This companion volume to the famous "Artist's Model," contains over 1,000 new and different photos of men, women, and children in the nude, concentrating on the fine points of figure composition and movements. Contents: Female Studio Studies, Outdoor Studies, and Head Studies; Child Studies; Action Studies. Eyes, Legs; Occupational Studies; Outdoor Studies (Male). This collection will prove of inestimable value to both the portraitist and illustrator. **7.95**

3907. LISTENING WITH THE THIRD EAR: The Inner Experiences of a Psychoanalyst. By Theodor Reik. A fascinating work in which Dr. Reik exposes the inner working of the analyst's mind as he probes the patient's subconscious. *Pub. at $6.50.* *Only* **1.98**

3753. THE DECAMERON OF BOCCACCIO. Transl. by John Payne. For over 600 years these 100 tales have remained the supreme expression of amorous intrigue, audacious love and robust adventure. 676 pages. *Special* **2.98**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2368. THE MONKEY KINGDOM. By Ivan T. Sanderson. A lively and expert introduction to the primates, from tarsiers, lemurs and marmosets to apes and man, written by one of the world's foremost zoologists and magnificently illustrated with 9 maps, 12 drawings and 78 photos, of which 35 are in color. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **1.00**

1155. Passwords to History — EXTINCT LANGUAGES. By J. Friedrich. The wonderful story of the art of deciphering forgotten languages—hieroglyphics, cuneiform, Hittite, Etruscan and other scripts—how their codes were broken; what they have taught us about ancient culture. 71 illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

3880. Simone de Beauvoir's MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER. This amazingly candid autobiography is both intensely personal in its revelations and broad in its application to the struggle of all women for physical and intellectual freedom; by the famous friend of Jean-Paul Sartre and author of *The Mandarins* and *The Second Sex.* *Pub. at $5.00.* *Very special* **1.49**

1822. MODEL IN MOVEMENT. By John Everard. Nearly 1000 outdoor and studio photos of nude models, recording the behavior and shape of muscles in the moving figure when running, jumping, skipping, walking, etc. **7.95**

3713. Masterworks of EMERSON. The famous *Essays,* First and Second Series, complete, plus his important writings on *Nature, Conduct of Life* and *English Traits.* *Special* **1.00**

3917. THE GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNUAL. The more than 100 magnificently reproduced photos in this handsome 9" x 11¼" volume—candid shots of people caught off-guard, carefully arranged shots of architectural splendors, breathtaking shots of the endless wonders of nature, and much more—attest to the artistry of the camera, when in the right hands. Included is a stunning 12-page section of marvelous color photos. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Only* **2.98**

P-761. Chinese Art: HORSES IN ACTION. A pair of highly decorative panels, eminently suitable for adding just the right touch to your home decor. Each panel features four prancing steeds, brushed in with all the simplicity and verve of the Chinese calligraphic style, in soft black strokes on a field of tan. 44" high x 14" wide. *The pair, special* **1.98**

2126. SCULPTURE INSIDE AND OUT. By Malvina Hoffman. 276 illustrations. The famous standard book on the art of sculpture, including a comprehensive historical survey, personal experience with world famous sculptors, and a thorough presentation of methods and techniques; with practical suggestions for modeling, carving, and the treatment of materials. *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

P-766. KLEE: *ORIENTAL FESTIVAL.* Trees, buildings and flowers fade into a wonderful mauve and orange background, the warm colors enlivened by cool greens and jade blues. The opaque textures and merging hues are captured by silk screening. 15½" high x 30" wide. *Special* **2.98**

3922. MYTH AND CHRISTIANITY: An Inquiry into the Possibility of Religion Without Myth. By Karl Jaspers & Rudolf Bultmann. One of the greatest living philosophers and one of the foremost theologians of our time debate the vital issue of Christianity's survival as a vital force in the modern world. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.49**

3562. KAHLIL GIBRAN. Two complete books, transl. & ed. by Anthony R. Ferris: *The Voice of the Master,* offering fresh insight into many of life's most perplexing riddles; *Kahlil Gibran, A Self-Portrait,* in which the author of *The Prophet* is revealed in his letters. *Pub. at $3.00 each.* *Two vols. only* **4.95**

3711. Masterworks of VOLTAIRE. *Candide* and all the other Romances complete, the witty *Dialogues* and *Philosophic Criticisms,* in all more than 25 of his most important writings. *Special* **1.00**

LANGUAGE RECORDS

The Library of Modern Languages

Learn to speak five modern languages almost as easily as learning one, by the new, fast MULTILINGUAL METHOD . . . on nine 12", 33-1/3 rpm, hi-fi records. The tested, practical study courses of THE LIBRARY OF MODERN LANGUAGES permit you to learn at your own speed, in the privacy of your own home, from native teachers.

1826. LIBRARY OF MODERN LANGUAGES. Nine-record set, including complete 48-lesson courses in French, Spanish, German, Italian and a basic 24-lesson course in Russian. *Only $45.75.* *Only* **14.95**

P-168. FRENCH POSTERS: *Picasso, Chagall, Leger, Miro, Matisse.* A portfolio of 8 brilliantly colored posters that will add a sophisticated sparkle to your library, den, office or living room. Reproduced directly from the original lithographs, their large size (16" x 20") makes them ideal for hanging singly or in a group. *Pub. at $8.00.* *Only* **2.98**

3920. Stendhal: THE LIFE OF HENRY BRULARD. A new translation of one of the most famous and most revealing of autobiographies, in which the author of *The Red and the Black,* using one of his many pseudonyms, engages in an intensive, intimate self-exploration. Complete with Stendhal's own annotations and drawings. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.49**

3924. Jean-Paul Sartre: THE TRANSCENDENCE OF THE EGO: An Existentialist Theory of Consciousness. The work that marks the turning point in Sartre's philosophical development from phenomenology to the doctrine of *Being and Nothingness.* *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.49**

3916. THE PRAEGER ENCYCLOPEDIA OF OLD MASTERS—230 Illustrations in Color. From A to Z, from the middle of the 13th century to 1800, here is complete coverage of the old masters; 750 entries on painters, techniques, galleries and collections, critics and prices. An invaluable, lucid, handsome reference work. *Pub. at $6.75.* *Only* **3.95**

3352. Jean-Paul Sartre: LITERARY ESSAYS. Sparkling essays that are major extensions of Sartre's original, highly influential aesthetic theories; fascinating studies of Kafka, Camus, Faulkner, etc. *Special* **1.00**

2961. LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. By D. H. Lawrence. The original, unexpurgated edition that recently made publishing history; the complete, authorized Lawrence text, plus an Introduction by Mark Schorer and a Preface by Archibald MacLeish. Hardbound. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.00**

7334. CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF SEX AND MARRIAGE. By George Riley Scott. An intimate factual resume of sex and marriage among peoples both strange and familiar. Interesting, even astounding records of practices obscured in the mists of antiquity or the darkness of ignorance, and equally fascinating ones that come to light in our present society. Illus. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

9051. U.S. CAMERA 1958. Ed. by Tom Maloney. More than 200 of the best photos of the year by top camera artists, with *12 pages in full color.* Special features on the Keystone Comedies, rockets and missiles, the Hungarian revolt, the N.Y. Port Authority and various world famous photographers. A magnificent 8½" x 11¼" volume. *Pub. at $8.50.* *Only* **1.98**

3635. PRIMITIVE ART. By Erwin O. Christensen. Here in one mammoth volume is a world-wide collection of early scupture, painting and crafts, including ancestral figures; ceremonial masks; drawings and paintings on bark, fabric, sand, and rock; pottery; textiles; objects of personal adornments worn by tribes of many cultures. Extraordinary text by the Curator of Decorative Arts and the Index of American Design in the National Gallery of Art. Over 400 illus., 32 in full color. 9¾" x 11" *Pub at $15.00.* *Only* **6.95**

3488. GOOD FOOD FROM VIENNA. By Susan Strong. Recipes for the best of a most cosmopolitan cooking; schnitzels, roasts, hors d'oeuvres, dumplings, delicious confections and fabulous cakes, tortes, pastries and strudels. British edition. *Special* **1.00**

P-764. MARINI: *MAN ON HORSEBACK.* A magnificent silkscreen reproduction in red, gray, chartreuse and black of a man on a horse by the famous Italian modern; framed or unframed, an ideal conversation piece for home or office. 25" high x 20" wide. *Special* **2.98**

P-765. MARINI: *THE RIDER.* Dazzling linear vitality, bold use of color and decorative near-abstraction of forms mark this handsome silk-screen reproduction in which tones of black and brown are set against a powerful field of red. 25" high x 20" wide. *Special* **2.98**

3618. LOLITA. By Vladimir Nabokov. The most remarkable, most original, most sensational and most controversial book written in recent years; originally banned in Paris and a storm-center here and in England. Complete and unabridged hardbound edition. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**

P-633. PICASSO: *WHITE CLOWN.* Silk screened in full color with details finished by hand, on an elegant, textured cocoa brown stock. 25" high x 20" wide. *Special* **1.98**

3349. DICTIONARY OF LINGUISTICS. By Mario Pei & Frank Gaynor. An indispensable handbook of terms in grammar, language study, philology, historical linguistics, phonetics, phonemics and structural linguistics. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. *Special* **1.98**

6293. Sartre: BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Transl. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's major opus, a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of our time. Over 700 pp. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

3664. THE BLACK DIARIES OF ROGER CASEMENT. By Peter Singleton-Gates & Maurice Girodias. An account of the life and times of the Irish patriot whom the English called a traitor and pervert, revealing his famous diaries, the most explosive and mysterious documents in modern Anglo-Irish history, kept secret by the British government for 43 years. Illus. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

3151. Collector's Item: ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. Read and sung by the inimitable Cyril Ritchard; music by Alec Wilder, performed by New York Woodwind Quintet. The Lewis Carroll classic complete on four 12" LP records—comes in deluxe color-illustrated gift box, with a facsimile edition of the rare 1865 first edition. *Pub. at $25.00.* *Only* **6.95**

3937. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS: Facsimile Edition. Now, just over a century since this unique compilation was first brought out, this facsimile printing restores to circulation the original first edition just as it was compiled and published under the direction of John Bartlett himself. A classic of the 19th century that every modern book lover will want to have for his permanent collection. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

3712. Masterworks of WILDE. *The Picture of Dorian Gray* and five plays complete, including *Salome* and *The Importance of Being Earnest,* and his best known poems, essays and fairy tales. *Special* **1.00**

1414. THE GIRDLE OF CHASTITY: A Medico-Historical Study. By Eric John Dingwall. A fascinating, scholarly and scientific history of one of the strangest, cruellest and most humiliating devices fashioned by man; surprisingly recent and widespread use of chastity belts; a survey of poems, stories and books in which they are mentioned. Photos and drawings. Hardbound. *Special* **1.98**

3868. Baudelaire: FLOWERS OF EVIL. Generally considered to be the epitome of decadence, this fascinating classic plunges the reader into a world of bizarre surprises, astonishing beauty and mysterious terror. Transl. by C. Bower Alcock; spiced with startling drawings by Beresford Egan. *Special* **1.00**

P-768. FLOCK OF CRANES. By Korin Ogata (1603-1680) a leading Japanese artist of the period. The stylized rendering and grouping of this procession of graceful, long-legged birds typifies the extraordinary sense of line and balance that has made Japanese art so popular. In this handsome silk screen reproduction the cranes, in black, white and gray, strut against a soft brown background and a curved black river bend. 20" high x 35" wide. *Special* **2.98**

2124. Famous Female Impersonators, Celestial and Human: VENUS CASTINA. By C. J. Bullier. Illus. by Alexander King. This roster of famous gentlemen includes emperors, warriors, priests, men of letters, heroes, statesmen and even a few gods and demi-gods. This is an unexpurgated reprint, of the famous limited edition—long out of print—originally published at $15.00. **2.98**

3637. PERSONALITY OF THE CAT. Ed. by Brandt Aymar. A fascinating collection of stories, pictures and poetry about the independent cat, loyal cat, brave cat, gay cat, crazy cat, loving cat, etc. by a host of outstanding writers. More than 40 photos and drawings, including a photo gallery of cat breeds by Walter Chandoha. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

P-775. PICASSO: *TWO HARLEQUINS.* A favorite Picasso theme, vigorously conceived in squares, cubes and circles, in segmented sections of red, gray, black, yellow, tan and white against a tan background. Silk screen, 22" high x 17" wide. *Special* **2.98**

1111. DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN GRAMMAR & USAGE. Two valuable reference works in one—defines hundreds of commonly misused words, their nuances of meaning, their standard and colloquial usage, plus a discussion within the listings of the basic principles of grammar, rhetoric and writing. For every reader, writer, teacher. Ed. by R. Whitford. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

3430. Guide to EARLY AMERICAN HOMES: North. By Dorothy & Richard Pratt. Complete coverage of 950 rewarding old homes from Maine to Delaware, Cape Cod to Wisconsin, including Sturbridge, Shelburne, Deerfield and other restored villages and highly individual private homes. Over 160 illus. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **1.98**

3431. Guide to EARLY AMERICAN HOMES: South. By Dorothy & Richard Pratt. More than 850 beautiful, historic homes, from Maryland to Arkansas, Missouri to Florida, including Mount Vernon, Monticello, the Hermitage and fascinating private homes and mansions. Over 160 illus. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **1.98**

P-774. MODIGLIANI: *SKETCH OF GIRL.* With all the characteristic appearance of a Modigliani woman in one of his famous paintings, here is a rough projection of his unique view of femininity, caught in the midst of creation so that we can see just how, in color and line, he developed his artistic vision. Strong black lines and various shades of red. Silk screen. 35" high x 23" wide. *Special* **2.98**

3915. BITTER HARVEST: The Intellectual Revolt Behind the Iron Curtain. Ed. by Edmund Stillman. Intro. by Francois Bondy. A damaging indictment of the Communist state written from the inside—stories, poems and essays by Pasternak, Ehrenburg, Djilas, Nagy and others. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

P-772. KLEE: *THE LONELY ONES.* A subtly colored fantasmagoria of the nonobjective and the semi-abstract, in which two lonely figures wander among shapes that relate through color rather than form—soft blues and browns and vivid splashes of indigo and orange. Silk screen. 23" high x 35" wide. *Special* **2.98**

3714. Masterworks of POE. The best of the famous tales and poems: *The Raven, The Bells, Annabel Lee, The Murders in the Rue Morgue,* etc., 100 selections in all. *Special* **1.00**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the problems arising from automation, and that public programs are necessary to ward off hardship and suffering.

Our country cannot maintain its leadership with recurring recessions, permanent unemployment, underemployment, and waste of our unused productive capacity and manpower. Our economic health as well as that of the world depends upon an America fully utilizing its great technological and human potential. We must always remember that the first basis of a sound foreign policy is a sound and healthy way of life at home—a way of life possible only with a high and growing rate of economic development.

Once again, as it did during the Second World War, our government must enlist the full support and cooperation of labor and management in seeking solutions to these problems. These extraordinary times require the restoration of the same sense of common purpose that labor and management achieved during the war years. The administration that will take office next January must be prepared with a new program of labor-management co-operation and partnership in government.

I PROPOSE that the new administration establish a permanent National Council of Labor-Management Advisers. This council should be tripartite, composed of an equal number of representatives of labor, management, and the public. The Secretary of Labor, the Secretary of Commerce, and the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers should be ex-officio members.

To ensure the participation of top representatives of labor and management, the members of the council should not be expected to serve full time, but to devote as much time as the important functions of the council require. The council, however, should have a permanent and adequate full-time staff, recruited, like the members of the council, on a tripartite basis. The council should *advise* the President. Its value would reside in the fact of its being a Presidential council, close to and working for the President.

This proposal has nothing in common with any form of corporative state, for the council should not have any political or legislative functions. It should not interfere with our established and tried methods of collective bargaining or take over or infringe on the functions of either labor or management. Essentially, its function should be to bring the experience and wisdom of labor, management, and public experts in the field to the great problems presented to labor, management, and the country by the cold war and automation. Its goal should be to restore a desperately needed sense of common purpose.

The council should seek to recommend bold and imaginative programs to encourage the nation's economic growth and health, and to advance both our business enterprise and our labor movement. It should seek to develop programs for reconciling the great benefits to be derived from automation and the great burdens in human terms that develop from the impact of automation. It should seek to specify the role of government, management, and labor in implementing our national goal to achieve full production and full employment.

In addition to this role of advising and recommending programs to the President for submission to Congress, the council should formulate programs for management and labor to follow in advancing industrial peace and minimizing industrial conflict. One of the means for doing this might be by providing a continuing and expanded basis for the labor-management meetings now under way. The council might provide the staff for these meetings and the studies necessary for constructive recommendations. It might extend these conferences so they will take place both on an industrial and on a local level, thus ensuring the participation of leaders of labor and management in the various industries and localities.

Such a council might well consider the advisability of convening periodic and enlarged White House conferences of labor and management which would bring to Washington the people who work day by day in those areas. White House conferences have made significant contributions in the fields of education and social security. Similar White House conferences on labor-management problems could contribute greatly to a better climate.

THERE IS ONE "operational" role that the council might profitably be given. It could be entrusted with the responsibility of dealing with what we have come to term "national emergency disputes." One result of the recent prolonged conflict in steel has been the growing recognition that the Taft-Hartley injunction method is one-sided, does not help to settle the underlying dispute, and is a wholly unsatisfactory method of dealing with conflicts of this character. The President, Secretary Mitchell, Dr. George Taylor of the board of inquiry in the steel dispute, other public officials, labor-relations experts, and large sections of the press have demonstrated their lack of faith in the national-emergency injunction provisions. Clearly we must seek a better way of asserting the public interest in such disputes.

Governor Rockefeller has gone so far as to propose compulsory arbitration as the solution. I must respectfully and emphatically disagree with this proposal. Compulsory arbitration is incompatible with both our free economy and our free labor movement and would have serious and deleterious effects on the functioning of both labor and industry.

In devising our future legislation and in making institutional changes, we should draw upon the experience of the War Labor Board and enlist eminent men, selected on a tripartite basis and known for their manifest fairness, experience, and patriotism, to help settle great disputes by mediation, fact-finding, and recommendations which, though not binding, would assist the conflicting parties in finding satisfactory common solutions to their problems.

It must be emphasized that the handling of emergency disputes should be only one and not the main purpose of the council, which should be to advise the President in the development of constructive policies and programs.

Both in developing policies and in facing emergencies, the authority of the Presidency is needed. This authority can be greatly and wisely strengthened when it enjoys the support and advice of all the interests involved.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stalemate on Capitol Hill

DOUGLASS CATER

WASHINGTON

THE BAFFLING THING about Lyndon Johnson's decision in late June to call a rump session of Congress after the conventions is that its dismal outcome was so predictable. There were said to be moments of panic among White House aides who were fearful that the Senate Majority Leader might perform his magical hocus-pocus and present the President with a whole raft of legislation to veto. But anybody who understands the legislative process ought to have known better.

Much of the fighting pitted Democrat against Democrat. Despite fierce efforts, Kennedy's minimum-wage bill escaped being emasculated only by a hasty compromise to exempt certain businesses, negotiated on the Senate floor. The bill then went on to die in conference with the House. Kennedy's defeat by a 51-44 vote on the attempt to provide Social Security medical benefits for the aged found not a single Southern Democrat except the Tennesseans and the Texans standing with their new leader. Kennedy had no choice but to make a fight and he conducted himself well. Yet it was a humiliating experience for a Presidential nominee to have to hurry around the Senate chamber during the final frantic moments before the roll calls in vain search of support.

IT WAS ALSO a futile experience. Everyone knew that no matter what the Senate managed to prod itself into accomplishing, there was next to no hope that anything would happen in the House of Representatives. Even before Congress recessed in June, the House had become the mortuary for the education and public housing bills. In August, House conferees were adamant about not changing a whit their more limited version of a minimum-wage act. It was not to be expected that Kennedy's medical aid for the aged would be greeted any more graciously.

Unlike the Senate leaders, those in the House did not even pretend to try. Speaker Sam Rayburn issued no ultimatum to the Rules Committee, in which most of the major bills were buried. In fact, a full quorum of Rayburn's supporters on this critical committee was never assembled during the rump session. In the same way, the Speaker chose not to exercise his prerogative in selecting House members for the minimum-wage conference but instead accepted the Labor Committee chairman's list, which included the chairman himself, Graham A. Barden of North Carolina, and another archfoe of labor, Phil M. Landrum of Georgia.

The Unanswered Questions

Why didn't Mr. Rayburn make a try —if not for Kennedy then at least for his old friend Johnson? To reporters seeking to probe the two Texans' relationship in search of an answer, Johnson would offer little explanation. Had he talked to Rayburn about what the House was doing? "When I talk to Mr. Sam," Johnson replied somewhat cryptically, "we talk about what the Senate is doing." Apparently the stern Texan Speaker of the House brooks no interference, not even by the intrepid Senate Majority Leader from his own state.

In analyzing the cozy arrangements by which Congress gets its work done, it is always important to learn who says what to whom. What, for example, are the private conversations between Rayburn and Representative Howard W. Smith, the elderly Virginian who heads the House Rules Committee? A good many people would like to know the answer to that one. Smith appears to take delight in flouting the desires of the Speaker. Reminded by a reporter recently that his function was merely to serve as traffic cop over the flow of bills, Smith retorted grumpily, "My people did not send me to Congress to be a traffic cop." He evidently finds more satisfaction in the role of prison warden for what he regards as wayward legislation.

Rayburn supporters argue that appearances do not tell the whole story. When it comes to a showdown, they say Mr. Sam's word weighs very heavily with Judge Smith. Rayburn himself nourishes this myth of ultimate invincibility. At the close of the session last year, he explained to an inquiring British correspondent that Smith had reported out everything he had been asked to report. What about the depressed-areas bill, the correspondent wanted to know. "I didn't ask for it," said Rayburn with a faint note of triumph.

Undoubtedly there is need for traffic managers in Congress, not only to put up roadblocks for the bad bills but to set realistic time schedules for the good. Speaker Rayburn might well argue that it was wise to keep the depressed-areas bill bottled up last year in order to ensure passage this year. (It ran into an Eisenhower veto anyway.)

But Rayburn's critics contend that what has been happening in recent years has not been so much the abuse of power as the deterioration of any effective use of power. The Speaker, they say, tends to regard the Capitol as his own special preserve, in which even the current remodeling of the building is largely a personal prerogative. He takes pride in the special institutions he has created such as the bourbon-bibbing "Board of Education" that confers regularly in his office. But the board is weighted with his Texas cronies and gives no proportionate voice to the restive

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young Democrats from the North. It hardly engages in the long-term planning that would be necessary to get around Judge Smith. Lacking this and lacking any willingness by the Speaker to force a showdown with the die-hards, the result is often stalemate.

NOW AND AGAIN rumors go around the halls of Congress that maybe the Speaker, who will be seventy-nine next January, is getting old. But unless he wishes it, it is doubtful if Mr. Sam's retirement from leadership will be sudden or easy. He is still a person who commands great awe. Venerable figures in Congress have been seen to quaver in his presence. Younger members plot privately like school kids but, also like school kids, subside into bashful silence when they enter his office. In 1959, after much backing and filling, a deputation of liberal Democrats called on Rayburn to demand reform of the Rules Committee. When he ignored the demand but gave his "word" to prevent unnecessary blockages, they marched back out meekly without a murmur of protest.

If Mr. Rayburn should step down there is no certainty about who would be his successor. Nobody feels much enthusiasm for promoting Congressman John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, who has served in the No. 2 position for the last twenty years. There is recurrent speculation about Congressman Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania, whose main accomplishments have been as author of highly restrictive immigration legislation and chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee. A more promising prospect is Congressman Richard Bolling of Missouri, who is both a progressive and a highly practical politician. The word around Washington is that he stands high with the Speaker.

But Mr. Sam hasn't offered a clue about whether he plans to retire next year or a decade from now. Liberal Democrats, who take fairly regular counsel in a "study group," have not given up hope that the Speaker will at last help with some necessary changes of the House machinery.

The peaceful road to reform, they point out, is hard but not impossible. Some time ago, the Interior Committee stripped the chairman of his absolute powers. The Banking and Currency Committee is reportedly within one vote of following suit. Already Kennedy has been consulted by members about pushing for a reorganization of the Rules Committee at the opening of Con-

gress next January. With an assist from a vigorous party leader in the White House, some House Democrats believe that something of a revolution could be accomplished without much fuss.

DESPITE its many frustrations, the rump session provided some interesting hints of things to come. The mighty clash in the Senate over medical aid to the aged, for example, found the parties lined up in rather strange fashion. As Senator Jacob K. Javits (R., New York), remarked during the debate, "It seems to me in this case the roles of the parties have been reversed, and in quite an extraordinary way."

Javits was noting the legislative situation in which Democrats sponsored the Social Security plan for financing medical aid on the ground that it was the only "conservative" and "fiscally sound" way to do it. In contrast, he and some of his fellow Republicans, with the belated endorsement of the administration, sponsored a plan that was to be financed directly out of general tax revenues and to cost the Federal government an estimated $700 million annually, supplementing an equal sum from the states. Theirs was, the Republicans claimed, the more "liberal" plan.

Both plans undoubtedly had merits. But the interesting point is that neither had a chance of passage even though in a recent Congressional quarterly poll the members ranked the pressing medical needs of the aged as the No. 1 issue confronting them. During the Senate roll call not a single Democrat crossed party lines to vote for the Republican amendment and only one Republican, Clifford Case of New Jersey, voted for the Democratic proposal. As a result, Congress settled for a committee bill that had been scorned by both sides as inadequate.

Such reciprocity cannot be written off entirely as election-year high jinks. It is part of an increasingly familiar pattern over the past few years, as one crucial problem after another—farm, depressed areas, schools, housing, and now the aged—has entered a legislative limbo from which nothing constructive ever seems to emerge.

This stalemate cannot be overcome merely by tinkering with the machinery of Congress. What has been lacking in the attempt to resolve differences, which are sometimes narrower than the heat of debate would indicate, has been firm and consistent leadership from the White House. In the absence of a strong Presidential will, there is reason to argue that the legislative process cannot be made to work effectively over the long run.

Certainly, their recent experiences in Congress provide no reason for glee among the Republicans. Since the Senate and most probably the House will continue under nominal Democratic control, the job of Presidential leadership would be inordinately more difficult for Nixon than for Kennedy.

It will be no picnic for either of them. Perhaps this is the dismal lesson that stood out most clearly as the rump session of the 86th reached it graceless end.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tale of Cops, Robbers, And the Visiting Professor

ROBERT BENDINER

CHICAGO

SOME YEARS AGO Alderman Mathias ("Paddy") Bauler of the 43rd Ward cheerfully put to his colleagues of the city council the proposition that "Chicago ain't ready for reform." By and large, the city where Scarface Al Capone was wont to tip policemen ten dollars for bowing him into his Cadillac accepted Paddy's case for gradualism with an indulgent chuckle. But Chicago has been frightened since then, and mellow cynicism is no longer the prevailing mood. If reform has not necessarily come to town to stay, it is at least visiting in the gaunt, professorial person of Orlando W. Wilson, the new police commissioner.

What forced the change in climate, temporary as it may be, was the fast-growing tendency of policemen to favor literal, physical theft over more subtle means of augmenting their wages. Chicagoans could live with the fix and the shakedown, which after all were institutions hallowed by local tradition. And as elsewhere, minor bribery was looked on as a convenience; for years traffic offenses were so commonly absolved by cash handouts on the spot that the Outer Drive was described as the city's last outpost of collective bargaining. But when police took to crime as a form of moonlighting—looting shops by night, caching stolen goods, masterminding jewel and fur thefts, holding up cab drivers, stealing cars, and smuggling narcotics—even Chicagoans were alarmed. With the bravado of the town's tradition they joked about the new game of "cops and/or robbers" and half fondly referred to the players as "burglars in blue." But they were alarmed all the same, and not least among them Mayor Richard J. Daley, whose political ambitions were threatened by the confession of a young housebreaker.

The story told last January by Richard Morrison, who at twenty-three considered himself "the greatest burglar who ever worked in Chicago," should become a minor classic in the lore of the city. It began with Morrison's services in a pizza place where he was "trying to go straight" after having done time for an assortment of petty crimes. Entrusted with the task of delivering free meals to the Summerdale district police station in return for official favors in the way of illegal parking near the restaurant, Morrison got on friendly terms with the servants of the law and soon found himself advised by a patrolman that things "would be a little better if you would cut us guys in on some of your jobs. . . . After all, we like nice things, too." Starting with golf clubs, the nice things included radios, television sets, automobile tires and supplies, guns, clothing, the entire contents of a meat market, and just plain cash. From patrolling the area of operations in their squad cars as lookouts, the cops progressed rapidly to hauling away the booty in police department trucks, to storing and selling it, and finally to doing their own looting. Occasionally, Morrison complained, they tipped off district detectives about his part in the work and he was obliged to buy immunity at the bureau with money that he was later outraged to learn was split with the informers. Otherwise business was good and prospects better.

Burglaries soon rose at an unprecedented rate and spread far out from the Summerdale district. The owner of a dress shop on Michigan Avenue complained that it was robbed *after* she had telephoned the police station to report that she had forgotten to lock the door. Patrolmen were caught breaking into the trunks of parked cars, and one turned out to have been suspended on a previous occasion for the alleged theft of $10,000 in chain-store trading stamps.

Scandalous reports from the police front leaked out all through the fall of 1959. Three detectives from the narcotics squad were indicted by a Federal grand jury (a patrolman was later caught red-handed with $95,000 worth of marijuana). Another policeman was killed when he crashed into a building with a car that turned out to have been stolen. And Police Lieutenant Anthony De Grazio caused a good deal of talk by touring Europe as traveling companion to Tony Accardo, reputed boss of the crime syndicate in direct line of succession from the great Capone.

BUT THESE were all breezes compared to the storm that broke when Morrison "sang" and other revelations followed. In trouble over a bungled job and resentful about the constant shakedowns, Morrison first tried to spill his story in August, but detective officials waved him away. It was not until November that, finding himself in the county jail, he managed, through the public defender, to get his tale to the office of the state's attorney. When that official found that much of Morrison's narrative checked with the evidence, raids were ordered on the homes of eight Summerdale policemen. The loot filled six trucks, and the officers were arrested on the spot, the first of a long line.

Within a month of Morrison's confession, other defendants and convicts were pouring out stories of police partnership in their enterprises. The North Damen Avenue station was found to have been as infected as Summerdale, and a special burglary detail at central headquarters was accused of having worked in harmony with a gang of fur and jewel thieves operating in the area known as the Gold Coast. Four inmates of Stateville Penitentiary told of having paid out some $20,000 a year for protection and complained bitterly that payment of "bread" at this rate nearly ruined them. Two of them told the Chicago

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tribune that on one trip across town they were shaken down twice in two hours by well-informed police officers. "When the cost of their trip reached the $400 mark, they said, they abandoned their car and boarded a CTA bus, where the fare was only twenty-five cents." Nevertheless, so thoroughly did they work over the Gold Coast, allegedly with official assistance, that insurance companies were forced to raise premiums to prohibitive rates.

IT WAS ALL extremely distressing, not to say threatening, to Mayor Daley. Up from the streets by way of the Democratic political machine and now its unquestioned boss, he was personally honest, much more dynamic than his predecessor in office, and proud of an administration that had won him re-election with the support of the business community and all four of the city's newspapers. Some said he nursed ambitions to be governor. And here, out of the blue, so to speak, was a scandal which touched the security of property itself and which, most uncomfortably, had been uncovered by a Republican state's attorney.

Worse than anything else, perhaps, was the ridicule that descended on Daley's administration. For in spite of the shock with which the revelations were greeted ("COPS TURN BURGLARS! CITY HORRIFIED," the *Tribune* cried across eight columns), there was something ludicrous about the scores of policemen, of all ranks, parading to the Conrad Hilton Hotel, where special quarters had been set up to administer lie-detector tests to the servants of the law. The captain of the Summerdale station resigned, less than two years before he would be eligible for full retirement pay, rather than subject himself, he said, to a "degrading and demoralizing" experience. The lieutenant commanding the shift that included the "burglars in blue" was ordered to stand departmental trial for supposedly trying to cheat the detector by taking phenobarbital beforehand—it made him dazed and unresponsive. Others went without sleep the preceding night to get the same effect, or took tranquilizers. To add to the spreading carnival, four burglars told investigators that they had paid a detective a thousand dollars to disguise a fellow housebreaker with horn-rimmed glasses and a new hair style so that he could escape identification by a witness. Small boys regularly inquired of homeward-bound cops whether they had their loot with them, and at cocktail parties people were asked if they had heard about the driver who, when

stopped by a policeman, asked, "Is this a ticket or a stick-up?"

In the circumstances, Daley had to go beyond the classic formula of dropping the commissioner, in this case an honest but simple individual, and replacing him with a subordinate to the accompaniment of indignant speeches from City Hall. The department needed not just a shake-up but an overhauling, and the city needed a dramatic display of action. Instead of appointing a new commissioner, Daley appointed a committee of four Chicagoans and one outsider, all of unimpeachable repute, to do the picking and to make recommendations for reorganizing the department. The outsider, and chairman, was Orlando Wilson. The committee pondered for close to a month—during which it interviewed twenty-four members of the department, three other Chicagoans, and ten candidates from outside the state. Then it decided that its own chairman was the dream candidate for the job. On February 22 the mayor accepted the committee's recommendations, appointed Wilson commissioner, and gave him control with the solemn pledge that he could operate the department free of "influence of any kind from any source."

A Real Pro

Unless the whole structure of the city government is changed, which nobody envisions, students of Chicago politics are skeptical of the pledge, but they are not skeptical about Wilson himself. To talk with the man even briefly is to appreciate his seriousness and the strange duality of his career. On the one hand he is the soft-spoken, somewhat philosophical pipe smoker who came to Chicago fresh from long service as a professor at the University of California and dean of its department of criminology, the author of three solid works on police administration. On the other hand, he brings to his job the experience of a patrolman on the streets of Berkeley, police chief of Wichita (where Wyatt Earp was once the law), reorganizer of a dozen police forces from San Antonio to Portland, Maine, and colonel of Military Police in the Second World War, with special duty in the way of denazifying Germans. He talks reflectively about keeping in equilibrium the security of the public and the liberties of the individual, but it soon turns out that he is a cop first and only then a philosopher. He wants more "arrest privileges" for his men rather than fewer, in spite of the force's reputation for casual arrest on suspicion and detention for secret questioning. But it is fair to add that since he assumed office, the American Civil Liberties Union has received practically no complaints of police brutality.

WILSON regards his job as "the greatest challenge confronting law enforcement in the United States today, perhaps in the world," and he is on record with two approaches to it that distinguish him sharply from his predecessors. Where they were blandly inclined to deny the existence of an organized crime syndicate in Chicago, Wilson starts with the belief that it is "a very real thing" and that "organized crime is almost as great a danger . . . as communism." What is more, he once wrote, "the greatest obstacle to efficient law enforcement today" is political influence, especially of the nefarious sort covered in Chicago's vernacular by the term "clout."

Six months is too short a span to measure headway in the Augean stables where Professor Wilson has found a new career at the age of sixty, but one can admire the vigor with which he has gone about his work. He would like to drop men from the force for plain unsuitability, but since the legislature refused to replace what he regards as the strait jacket of civil service with a flexible merit system, he has had to content himself with a shake-up in

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the middle and higher ranks. Departmental routines have been speeded up, controls have been more highly centralized, and a good deal of money is going into new building and equipment. But what has so far made the most vivid impression on Chicago is the establishment of a Bureau of Inspectional Services, variously known as G-2, the spy center, and—by the more irreverent members of the force—Disneyland.

"There may be a philosophy within the department based on tradition of long standing, a hundred years or more, in which individual members have been driven to protect their brothers," the new superintendent observed. "This must be broken down in some manner." One of the manners he has chosen is the use of decoys and other agents of intelligence operating out of "Disneyland." Apprentice actors, for example, are retained from time to time to simulate drunks curled up in boozy oblivion in the doorways of skid row. If a policeman strips one of these agents of his loose cash before hauling him off, a practice commonly known as "jackrolling," the offender is quickly brought up on charges. As one uniformed victim indignantly explained to a crime reporter, jackrolling had always been accepted on the force—"The fellow's layin' there and you have to pick him up, so you pick him up by the pockets."

Resort to these and less picturesque informers has evoked cries of "foul" and even "immorality." Father Patrick McPolin, chaplain of the police branch of St. Jude's League, denounced the use of decoys for putting temptation in the policeman's way, as though no officer of the law could reasonably be expected to resist a chance to pick the pockets of the unconscious. But newspapers and reformers alike are sold on the need for an internal intelligence unit in an armed force of eleven thousand men, and even A.C.L.U. leaders scoff at the charge of entrapment.

In any case the combination of new disciplinary attitudes at the top, the shake-up in station commands, improved procedures, and the work of the inspection bureau has already brought about noticeable though possibly superficial changes. Wilson's injunction to motorists to stop carrying five- and ten-dollar bills attached to their drivers' licenses has been obeyed to the extent that officers no longer reach for them automatically, and a dozen taxi drivers with whom I checked were awestruck at the speed with which the extended palm has disappeared. They are not altogether happy, I might add, since a ticket costs more than a shakedown and every violation is a threat to a cab driver's license. One complained that when he protested to a ticket-writing officer, "You're going to cost me a whole day's work," the only response was, "Tough, chum, call it an occupational hazard."

Alderman Leon M. Despres, the independent conscience of the city council and as much a thorn in Daley's ample flesh as Councilman Stanley Isaacs has been to a succession of mayors in New York, concedes that Wilson is doing a "superb job." But like other informed observers, he is far from confident about its enduring effect.

At the rim of such doubts is the fact that the capacity of a Chicago police chief to work wonders of reform can be no greater, in the last analysis, than that of the mayor who appoints him and who can remove him at will. To be sure, Daley has so far given Wilson the strongest possible backing—and so far it has been to his political advantage to do so. But Chicago scandals, I am told, usually have a life span of three weeks. Wilson's contract runs three years, and he will need all of that to make a real dent, but long before it expires the pressure for business as usual will be painfully felt in the mayor's office.

Even now there are rumblings to indicate that the honeymoon is over. Father McPolin's strictures on the "immorality" of using spies were quickly echoed by the president of the Patrolmen's Association: "This man from out of town is not coming in here and riding roughshod over our department." A police captain had to be suspended for a week for publicly scolding his commissioner, an effigy of whom was found mysteriously hanging from the roof of an elevated station along with a placard that read "Orlando Wilson—Spy."

The 'Clout'

Wilson expects to offset some of this disaffection and boost the morale of his men with a program of benefits such as swifter promotion possibilities, an improved pension plan, and shirtsleeve uniforms in the stifling Midwestern summer. But a Protestant police chief in Chicago is a phenomenon to begin with, and when he is in addition the sworn enemy of the easygoing traditions of the past, he is bound to find the going rough.

Much more important, indeed the heart of the matter, is the opposition that is beginning to stir in the city's political system, an arrangement that requires a note of explanation. Chicago is governed by a mayor and a city council of fifty aldermen, forty-seven of whom are Democrats. The aldermen are either their party's committeemen in the wards or they are the committeemen's pawns. If the mayor is to have a durable political life, to say nothing of an endurable one, he has to have the support of these party leaders, each of whom is a satrap in his own ward. And the essence of the power many of them wield is "clout." They are the fixers for their constituents; and the area of their operations, depending on their individual talents, ranges from fixing traffic tickets and getting zoning favors to landing fat building contracts and quashing indictments for murder.

Mayor Daley has been able to keep

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his ward committeemen pretty well in hand by a combination of contracts (he does a lot of building), patronage, and the countervailing influence of the business community. But without their time-honored clout, many ward men would not be long for the political world, and it is on this score that Wilson is a danger to them and they to him. Certain wards have for decades been the provinces of gang leaders, and their committeemen have been the creatures of the syndicate. Over a twenty-year span, 638 gang killings in Cook County yielded no more than thirteen convictions. When the day comes that ward bosses can no longer expect to have a commanding voice in the selection of district police captains, when they can no longer arrange "protection" for the gambling, liquor, and prostitution enterprises in their areas or even see to it that felony charges against one of their people somehow shrink to misdemeanors, the basis for their existence will have vanished. There is no reason to believe that they will speed that day.

SHREWD OBSERVERS of Chicago's ways expect civic virtue, more or less, to continue fashionable until Election Day, without more hindrance than a bit of grumbling here and a little sabotage there. After that, it is felt, Mayor Daley will have to face a showdown with his determined commissioner of police—on the record not a man who can easily be cajoled—or else with his aldermen, his ward committeemen, and ultimately, with the community's leaders in crime. At the moment nobody is borrowing trouble, but neither does anyone believe that Dean Wilson has yet come close to the core of his problem. "He'll never get rid of the fix," I was told by a knowing citizen. And from Alderman John J. Hoellen came an echo of Paddy Bauler's sentiments: "I am not satisfied that Chicago wants reform yet . . . Chicago is a heady town. It still has a lot of the old frontier spirit."

It may turn out that the town now has a frontier marshal as well, but until a political upheaval breaks the power of the ward committeemen, it will continue to be hard in this particular Western to tell the good guys from the bad guys.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Errant Vaporetto

DEAN ACHESON

VENICE had put on her best September frock, deep blue splashed with gold and stirred by a breeze from the Adriatic. We were to meet by the boat landing in front of the Accademia at eleven-thirty, leaving plenty of time to cross the island for the twelve-fifteen vaporetto to Burano for lunch. Half the pleasure of these carefully arranged and timed meetings was to get there first and watch the arrival of the other two with their differing agitations. So I arrived early and established myself at a table in the shade with a *caffè espresso*.

Our host could be counted on to arrive on the dot. He would at once start to consult his watch and peer anxiously at each group of disembarking passengers and every pedestrian in the little square. My companion would be late, the constant victim of perverse event—the laggard watch, the unexpected friend, the gondola ferry caught in violent altercation across the Canal. Today this was almost a sure thing, as she was going first to a show of contemporary painting, then to the Accademia for the restorative effect of its Tintorettos and Veroneses. The meeting was certain to be in the classic style.

But it was not at all. As the half hour struck from a dozen churches, our host stepped from a boat to the landing, and my companion came out of the gallery putting away her glasses, wholly unperturbed. This expedition, I thought, is beginning with an ominous smoothness.

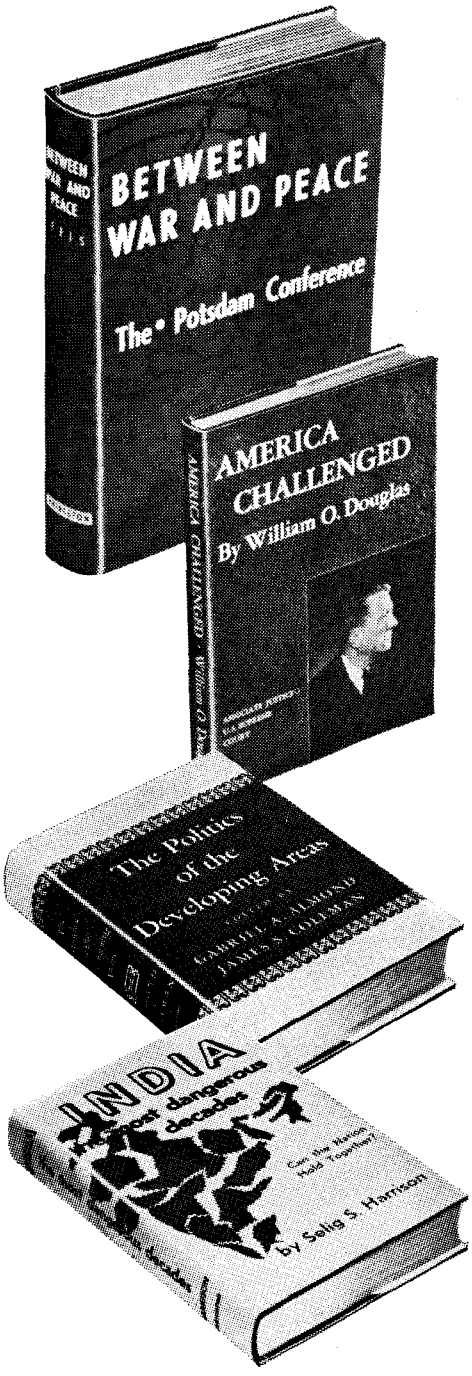
THE SENSE of dangerously smiling fortune came again as we landed at the Rialto after a short run up the Canal. Usually a party must expect to be separated and, perhaps, to have one of its members carried on to the next stop in the spirited scrimmage between landing and boarding passengers. This is, of necessity, short and sharp, since the stop is a mere pause beside the landing, with no nonsense about tying up or gangways. The movements off and on take place simultaneously over a sporting hazard of open water, and seem to support the observation that God is on the side of the big battalions. This time we had power behind us. With our female figurehead in the prow we cut through the weaker incoming tide and reached the landing intact, if breathless.

Fortune smiled, too, on the overland journey from the Canal to the vaporetto's berth on the water front facing the great lagoon made by the barrier reef. Here we plunged into a labyrinth—narrow, twisting, and forked lanes, lined with shops and filled from wall to wall with eddying humanity. It was too much to hope not to lose a man now and then in the maze. One hoped rather not to lose so many so often that, finally, the boat at the end of the journey was lost too. Human currents swirling up and down the lanes, in and out of shops, crosscurrents striking them from converging alleys, push-carts cutting through the crowds, jams at bridges over innumerable small canals—all this made any formation but single file impossible and could cut off sheep from the bellwether in that scriptural minimum of time, the twinkling of an eye. There, at one moment almost at arm's length, would be the back one was following; in the next it was gone, perhaps whirled away by an enfilading tide, perhaps vanished around a corner while one was caught in a nightmarish block.

But this time only the last man was lost, and he only twice. Early training in the north woods had taught him when lost to stay still and wait to be found. To run around was fatal. The rule proved as sound in Venice as in Maine. So we reached the vaporetto with fifteen minutes to spare, and thereby nearly met disaster.

At the end of the pier two small

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At your bookstore

BETWEEN WAR AND PEACE

The Potsdam Conference

By Herbert Feis. Against the background of Allied victories and mounting tensions within the coalition, the author re-creates the intricate negotiations before the Conference and the issues and personalities of the Conference itself—in a book that is vital to our understanding of the Cold War. $6.50

AMERICA CHALLENGED

By Justice William O. Douglas. "Justice Douglas surveys our national situation, finds it ominously defective at several points, and — with a practicality that matches his sense of alarm and urgency — shows what must be done to safeguard the American future."—*New York Herald Tribune* $2.50

THE POLITICS OF THE DEVELOPING AREAS

Edited by Gabriel Almond and James S. Coleman. "A seminal work destined to leave a trail of influence and controversy among students of comparative politics, area specialists, and social scientists in general."—*Science.* "Should be required reading for Government personnel who deal with emerging nations."—*Washington Post and Times Herald.* $10.00

FOREIGN AID

Theory and Practice in Southern Asia

By Charles Wolf, Jr. Reviewing America's foreign aid experiences among countries of South and Southeast Asia, the author shows how future foreign aid allocations for any area can be more fairly and effectively distributed. Illustrated. $7.50

INDIA

The Most Dangerous Decades

By Selig S. Harrison. "Combines an eye for detail with a perceptive understanding . . . His interesting and important book is one of the most penetrating analyses I have read of some of the complicated problems India faces today." — FRANK MORAES, *N. Y. Times Book Review* $6.50

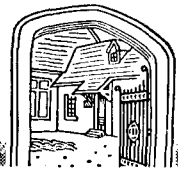
CEYLON

Dilemmas of a New Nation

By W. Howard Wriggins. An on-the-spot report of political conditions in Ceylon today, and an intensive discussion of the economic, historic, and social factors which will influence its future. $10.00

Princeton UNIVERSITY PRESS

Princeton, New Jersey



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

steamers were tied up, one outboard of the other. After getting our tickets, we strolled casually aboard the nearer and followed my companion, who pointed to empty seats in the stern. There we watched the busy comings and goings of a water front until a bell, a whistle, and throbbing announced impending action—but not on our vaporetto. It was a close thing, but we made it after the ship had begun to move, and to the cheers of both ships' companies.

"Do you know," I asked when I had breath enough to speak, "about the Judas goats in the stockyards who lead the foolish, trusting sheep to destruction?"

"Speaking of goats," she said, "as I remember it, you two found the ship. I found the seats; and they were good seats."

"Perhaps now," our host interposed gently, "you might find some more. It doesn't look easy." This, I thought, is what comes of a good start, the most dangerous of beginnings.

SEPARATED and wedged in among our fellow voyagers, we were not, as the saying goes, left alone with our thoughts. Within the limits of linguistic capability, we shared theirs. This did not involve eavesdropping. As their talk broke over me like surf, sometimes giving me a good roll and filling my ears with sound, I began to speculate on the capacity of various peoples to express high spirits in decibels. The first generalization—that it came with Latin blood—had to be discarded when I thought of the carrying power of the Negro church social in our Maryland village. Then social status—the idea that to be noisy was "vulgar"—had to go when one remembered the cocktail parties that had deafened one, or, mercifully, turned one back by their ample warning of the horror ahead.

But the cocktail party gave the clue. It was absence of inhibition. Healthy people having a good time are naturally noisy. They compete for attention. They give out loud laughs and happy shouts. All children act this way; and adults, in the degree that innate vitality, alcohol, or lack of repressive training, or a combination of all three, loosens the inhibitions which society imposes by that most ubiquitous of all secret police, self-consciousness. Italians need less alcohol than most. Bubbling with vitality, they have never believed that silence was golden, or that the murmured understatements of the high tables at Oxford or Cambridge represented fun at its gayest.

So the vaporetto throbbed with sound above as well as below deck. Sound and odor seemed to envelop us in a little mist of our own, the odor of oil and diesel fumes from the engine room, the odor of drains from the lagoon, the odor of a dozen varieties of salami being unwrapped around us. Happy, noisy, and fra-

grant, we throbbed our way past the island cemetery, past Murano with its factories, and along the line of channel buoys, each with its seagull sentinel.

For me, seated aft in the vaporetto facing the stern, the scene brought back another life and world, the world of the lowly jump seat in my grandmother's victoria from which I gazed up at the lofty figures of my mother and grandmother made even more towering by parasols. The only way to look out was sideways and back, a sure invitation to the embarrassing carriage malady; better to look upward and inward and to concentrate on the often baffling talk.

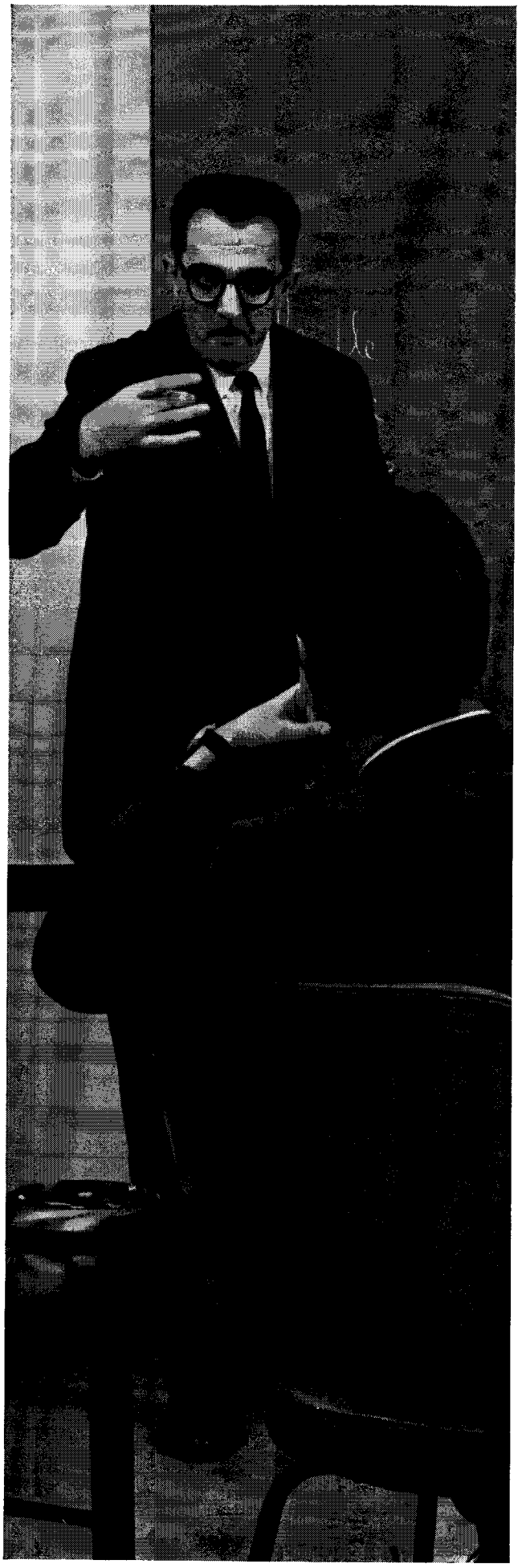
So it was on the vaporetto, until craning necks near the rail brought hope of a landfall, like the branches seen by Columbus on the water. Bells jangled below. Engines stopped. The vaporetto lost way. But nothing happened, none of the preparations for a landing. We simply drifted, a practice regarded contemptuously in the modern world, but one ideally suited to the vaporetto's navigational problem, as was soon revealed to us backward-lookers. She was attempting, it appeared, to pass a dredge and its attendant barges in a narrow channel where the dredge was working. To drift onto the mud flat would do little harm, since a quick reverse of the propeller could remedy that. But to be pushed on under power was another matter. Tugs or tide, or both, might need hours to free us.

Though our movement was almost imperceptible, the talk between dredge and vaporetto was fast and spirited enough. To the two crews it was obviously a resumption of jovial vocational insult. But the note of badinage between dredge and passengers was spicy, if not downright ribald, punctuated by bursts of laughter and protests of *"Che orrore!"* from female passengers singled out for comment.

Once past the dredge, we soon reached Burano for luncheon, an almost biological experience, introduced by a tour of the kitchen to make our choices among denizens of the surrounding waters, more plausible as specimens in a laboratory than as luncheon dishes. But they presented an array of novel and surprisingly pleasant tastes and textures, helped on their way by a potable local white wine. All of this took its own good time and then called for rest on the shady side of the village square, so that after a leisurely stroll around Torcello and its eleventh-century church—with the only stone shutters I have ever seen—we just made the landing for the vaporetto's last homeward trip of the afternoon. As she came in, it looked as though all Venice had had the same idea and that not one ample body of the goodly company waiting could be squeezed aboard. But a miracle was accomplished. No one was left behind. No one was crowded overboard. The propeller churned a muddy whirlpool and off we moved.

PUSHED by the crowd behind, I squeezed through those ahead and once more found a place in the stern, hopelessly separated from my friends. So close was the wooden seat to the one facing it that achievement of a decorous adjustment of knees and feet with the stout lady across

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Effective immediately, Berlitz will offer only private language instruction

We have taken this step after carefully researching and testing a wide variety of language teaching techniques. We have also taken into consideration the overwhelming personal preference for private instruction expressed by 92% of our students. After 82 years of world-wide experience in language instruction, we are convinced that private instruction combined with the famous Berlitz Method is the most effective way to learn any spoken language.

The Berlitz Method teaches you to speak another language the same way you learned to speak your own. You learn by hearing, seeing, associating objects with sounds, repeating and imitating.

Your instructor will be teaching you his *native language so that you are constantly exposed to a first-hand familiarity with customs, manners and the proper accent.*

We have no dull schoolish methods at Berlitz. Our emphasis is on usage and familiarity—not on rigid rules and tedious drills.

The Berlitz Method is absorbing and stimulating. At Berlitz you learn to communicate—to understand and to be understood. You do not learn "about" a language . . . you learn to live the language.

All our instruction is tailored to your ability and your needs. You tell us your goals, we analyze your language aptitude, test your "ear", and together we'll determine how much time you will need to accomplish your purpose.

The Berlitz Method combined with private instruction offers the most efficient and flexible way to learn any spoken language.

Our private instruction makes it possible for you to arrange for lessons at your convenience. You can utilize lunchtime, pre-business hours, after business hours and weekends.

If you can't take time to come to Berlitz—a Berlitz instructor can come to you. You can start anywhere, any time. You can move across the country or around the world and still get the same high quality instruction wherever you decide to continue.

You can change your schedule, plan business trips, take time out for vacations . . . we'll arrange everything to suit your convenience.

10½ million graduates have studied at Berlitz for a wide variety of reasons. They've come to us for business advancement . . . for cultural self-improvement . . . for travel enjoyment . . . for greater international understanding. Whatever reason you have for wanting to speak another language, Berlitz can help you. There are Berlitz Schools in principal cities throughout the world and you'll find the local Berlitz Director cordial, informative and well qualified to tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your needs.

For business or pleasure . . . people who go places . . . go to

BERLITZ®

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from me would have been difficult had not her companion been a very little girl. So little that her legs stuck straight out in front of her, and she still had long curls, the starched short dress that makes little girls look like ballet dancers and professional skaters, and a straw hat with long ribbons behind and elastic under her chin. The time had not yet come for her—about four, perhaps—when the delicate elfin, often breathtaking quality of the small female child goes into its long eclipse, a time of pigtails and straight hair and bands on the teeth, a time of being too skinny or too fat, too noisy or too shy. Into this ungainly and unlikely chrysalis she disappears for a decade or so, to emerge, as Alfred Noyes's singing seaman reported of the phoenix, "with wings of gold and emerald, most beautiful to see."

Hoping to appease the stout lady for crowding her, I murmured with a benign glance at the little girl, *"Com' e carina!"* But the stout lady had evidently had a hard day. With no attempt at benignity, she shot back something to the effect that "pretty is as pretty does," and added that looks did not make a *serafina*. This depressed the little girl as well as me. We thought it unwise even to smile at one another.

Happily, the constraint was broken by the stopping of the engines with the slight anxiety which that always causes when unexpected. In our immediate vicinity I alone knew what was up; but I could not think of the Italian word for a dredge. It was just too simple—*"una draga."* My attempt to get around the block by *"un vapore cavare della terra"*—a steamship to dig up the ground—deepened the mystery. But only for a moment. As the presence of the dredge ahead was learned from those by the rail, my contribution was revealed as that of a master humorist. Even the stout lady was restored to good humor and the little girl, after patient explanation had been made, fell victim to uncontrollable giggles. "A *vapore* to dig up the ground"—what a wag!

As we drifted abreast the dredge, the salty exchange of the morning was repeated. One of our company in the stern soon established herself as the leader of repartee on the vaporetto. Appropriately, she stood. In front of the crescent-shaped row of seats along the stern rail was an open space for standees, interspersed with stanchions for them to hold onto. She was holding one of these with one hand while the other gestured her sallies, cocking a snook or shaking a gay fist at her opponents. Her clothes, the worn black skirt and jacket, the handkerchief over her head, proclaimed her a working woman, but her mobile face, the dancing mischief in her eyes, and the slightly cracked voice which made what she said funny even before she finished saying it, proclaimed her a character. No blushes or *"che orrores"* for her. She gave as good as she got, the saltier the better. One could see her in the Place de la Revolution, the Vengeance incarnate, not counting and knitting like Mme. Defarge, but shouting her cruel jokes as the unfortunate aristocrats "sneezed into the basket." As the little girl exuded charm and the stout lady respectability, so Mme. Stanchion exuded vitality.

At length, as in the morning, the period of drift ended as bells sounded below; this time, so it seemed, more insistently. The engine gave a great shudder. The propeller shot us ahead. With a resounding crash, the vaporetto hit an immovable object and stopped dead.

The ensuing demonstration in physics was unforgettable. Instantly the momentum of the ship was transferred to all unattached objects capable of forward movement—most poignantly for me, to the little girl and her mother. The former shot off her seat and under mine, where she set up a commendable contribution to the developing pandemonium. The stout lady, with a higher trajectory and muzzle velocity, completely blanketed what a recent book has referred to as "target you." Only the merciful resilience of her prow prevented the camera hung around my neck from merging into a lung.

All around us our fellow passengers presented varying versions of the Laocoön statue, entangled as they were with one another. Shouts, shrieks, laughter, and profanity impeded the effort to persuade the unwilling aggressors in these embraces—the stout lady, for one—that no immediate disaster impended and that their indicated course was moderate speed astern. At length it was accomplished. The stout lady returned to her seat. The little girl was retrieved from under mine in good order, though still apprehensive.

Apparently, the vaporetto had achieved a most unusual maneuver. When almost past the dredge complex, in a narrow channel, with no way on at all, it had responded to the call for engines by ramming something solid with very respectable force. Time, and a good deal of declamation and denunciation, established no damage to dredge or vaporetto and no apparent casualties. As we got under way at last, my watch told me that we should be late for our tea engagement. Our host, a ready worrier, sought me out to urge us to meet at the gangway to be early off the boat and on our way.

Meanwhile a new drama was unfolding nearby. The lady of the stanchion had once more become the center of attention. Articulate and dramatic, she held her audience as she demonstrated some anguishing malady of the neck, right shoulder, and arm. Interest grew. Sympathy appeared to be turning into partisanship.

I pressed the stout lady into service. Relieved now of anxiety, our late intimacy had established a definite camaraderie. She listened and explained. The lady of the stanchion had been painfully injured. Thrown against the stanchion, a great stiffness was overcoming her whole right side, as one could plainly see. *"Che peccato!"* How could the poor woman scrub the floors on which her living depended? What would become of her children (of whom none seemed to be in evidence)? Justice must be done, announced the stout lady. What were courts and lawyers for, anyway? For a moment panic seized me, as I thought that by some intuition she knew my secret. I saw myself acquiring the ideal client not to have. But the question was purely rhetorical. Obviously, courts and lawyers were good for nothing, as any sensible person knew.

At this point a little man in a dirty white coat and nautical cap bustled up, began questioning the lady of the stanchion and taking notes on the back of an envelope. She, who a moment before had been

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle 15

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
225 157 33 51 141 129 11 203 63
175 27 195
Pertaining to alms.

B
81 103 31 21 55 73 145 121 207 151
Tending to prevent, injure or destroy life.

C
25 139 77 97 3
"Fair Greece, sad_____of departed worth!"
Byron, Childe Harold, Canto II, 73.

D
109 29 15 161 57 201 1 45 191
93 135
Subjects of a poem by Tennyson, (5, 6)

E
149 173 197 39 69 213 183 163 117
"_____crimson-tipped flow'r" (3, 6)
Burns, "To a Mountain Daisy."

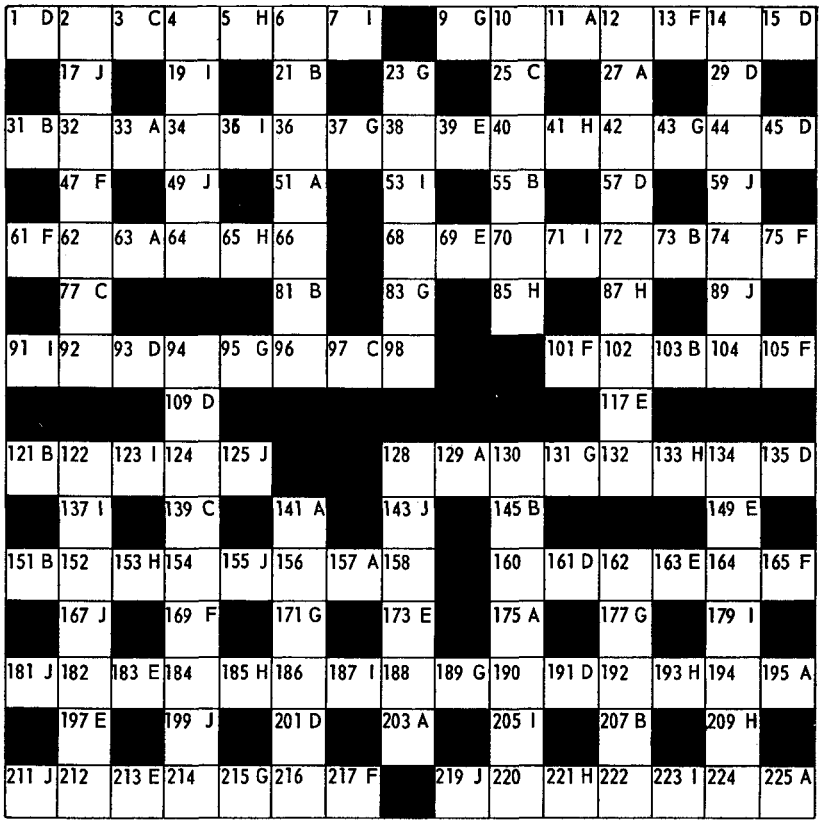
F
169 61 47 105 165 101 217 75 13
Kind of duration. (1, 5, 3)

G
37 43 171 131 177 95 189 23 9
83 215
Proverbial shout to set a wool-carrier in motion. (3, 5, 3)

H
87 185 5 221 133 85 209 41 193
153 65
"Here we may_____, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell."
(5, 6) Milton, Paradise Lost, I, 261-2.

I
7 223 179 91 19 53 205 123 71
187 35 137
A plank for the opposition in England?

J
125 143 155 17 181 199 89 219 59
167 49 211
A French colony 800 miles east of Australia
(3, 9)



Across

1. Peer's mother holds a child's bed to impute a writer.
9. Peer's short count of esteem.
31. Peers thru you, comte, at Acrostician's place of employment. (3, 7, 5)
61. Direction in a fish studied.
68. Tub mixed in doing for Thomas.
91. Aisle, sir, for people of Zion and Gaza.
101. Sat on a saint.
121. Double in fat wainwright.
128. Convict holds mixed guns and agrees.
151. Fifty crawl on western England.
160. Scot up in alarm bell.
181. Agree about fee by giving proverbial precedence. (3, 6, 6)
211. Dan dead? No. Appendices.
219. Marxist grown old, so deprive him of office.

Down

2. Closed shops not sped to philosophical systems.
4. Mixed siren mastic.
6. Be plaid on two feet.
10. Place of nether darkness in severe business man's life.
12. Store part and lay low.
14. Crown on the head but corn on the toe.
23. Lost French prudes.
94. Belie; Lana can be transferred.
122. Harmed a red gown.
128. Celerity lacks it in Utah.
130. Famous but appears incapable.
134. Wistful Ted is empty and wound up.
141. Fend Ma as she describes lion and tigers in the Colosseum. (3, 3)
162. Small church atmosphere in seat.

© 1960 by the Reporter Magazine Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

animation itself, relapsed at once into a languor undoubtedly induced by pain. But her feeble replies were readily supplemented by the surrounding company. Volubly and with considerable, though not always consistent, virtuosity, they described the catastrophe following the horrendous crash. Whitecoat's irritation grew with his bewilderment and the confusion of his notes. He held up his hands imploring quiet, stared fixedly at the envelope, and asked, "The left side, was it?"

As one man, the whole company in the stern let out an indignant roar: "The right side, you fool, the right side! Can't you see?"

The poor man was metaphorically blown back to the deckhouse. As he scuttled away, the drooping victim blazed into action. Shaking her right fist high above her head, she hurled an imprecation at this unhappy proletarian slave of a state monopoly. "Capitalistic pig!" she screamed.

The defeat of the common enemy unified the company under the warrior queen. Her spirits, wit, and verve took us the rest of the way to Venice. We separated as a general movement began toward the gangway.

I WAS HURRYING along the wharf to join my friends when the sight of an ambulance off to one side was not to be resisted. Beside it was a small crowd, in the center of which were the lady of the stanchion, whitecoat, and a young intern, who was moving her right arm slowly up and down, like one examining a pump handle for the first time. Forlorn and outnumbered, her fiery spirit seemed quenched under the weight of professional skepticism. As I turned away, there, the embodiment of indignation, stood the stout lady, who had been watching too. It was plain to see that she had caught the torch as it fell from the limp hand by the ambulance. To the surprise and delight of the little girl, the stout lady fired her broadside. A little quaveringly, a little primly, but firmly enough, she shouted, "Capitalistic pigs!"

Mme. Stanchion looked up, straightened up, and smiled. The little girl smiled; the stout lady smiled; I smiled.

"Arrivederci!" we said.

Grass Grows in a Desert

ELSPETH HUXLEY

THE SUAM RIVER of Kenya forms a natural boundary between the deserts of the Northern Frontier District and the equatorial highlands through which the Rift Valley runs. It is not a wide or noble river and it reaches its destination, Lake Rudolf, only for about three months of the year. The rest of the time it peters out, or seeps underground where animals and humans can reach it only by scooping out the sand. Game animals know how to do this by instinct but cattle do not: men have to act for them. The game animals help each other. Not long ago a sad sight was discovered beside a dried-up water hole: twenty-nine rhinos dead of thirst. Their armored noses cannot dig in sand. Normally, elephants do the digging, drink first and leave the pool to other animals. In this case the elephants had been driven away by poachers and so the rhinos perished slowly, water within two feet of their parched mouths.

The tree-lined Suam lies at the foot of one of the mightiest escarpments in Africa. Down, down you twist along a writhing narrow road from the flanks of the wild and wooded Cherangani Mountains, whose cold and mist-enshrouded crests rise to over ten thousand feet. At the bottom you are down to three thousand feet in hot, dry, bare thorn country typical of God knows how many thousand square miles of Africa. There is no proper soil left, just tawny red sand and mottled flaking rock. All is bare as a plank. Under rocks, in the thickest bush, there are plants of sorts, mostly with tendrils like wire or pale, thin twists of leaf that somehow live, with desperate resolution, in this dry furnace, in the rock, in the sand.

Bush is everywhere: hard as iron, tough as old boots, vicious with spikes. The struggle merely to exist is fierce and elemental, there seems no room for grace. And yet you may find a so-called desert rose, the bare *adenia* bush with its big bulbous root for water storage and its gay pink flowers. And at the right season every acacia tree and shrub is dusted over with tiny white or yellow flowers that smell sweet and hum with bees.

ON THE FLAT, baking, spiky bank of the Suam stands a small trading post consisting, like all its fellows, of a few squalid little tin-roofed, open-fronted shops kept sometimes by Indians, Somalis, or Swahilis but more often, nowadays, by local talent. This is the country of the Suk, a tribe on whom Progress is only starting his conquest. The lean, hard young men still go about in warrior's attire, their hair matted with cow dung and grease into strange shapes, especially into a round plate-like appendage at the back which must be kept off the ground, during sleep, by a little neckstool which every man carries, together with his long spear. In their lower lips they fix brass cylinders about the size of a cigarette, and on their arms and chests are rows of bumps, made in youth by rubbing ash and dirt into knife holes until these fester and scar tissue forms to make a studded pattern. Still spurning trousers, they wear a length of cloth in toga fashion, looped on one shoulder, stained with ochre, sometimes caught in with a bead belt. They look proud and free, displaying the lithe action, the glistening healthy limbs, the loping stride of tribesmen who have so far kept Progress at bay.

As for the women, their shaven heads poke up through glinting ruffs of beads and wire that stand out a foot or more under chins and ears. Goodness knows how they sleep in them; so far as I know, they are never removed. These women

© Elspeth Huxley 1960

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look like walking flowers with black stalks and flat red, blue, and copper heads. Coils of wire tightly bind plumlike upper arms, legs, and ankles. Ear lobes, heavy with beads and metal, hang down to the shoulder. Strong and tough as mules, these women do not cultivate, for here nothing grows.

We jolted over sand and thrust through thick bush that scraped the olive-green sides of our Land-Rover to find a *manyatta*, a rough circle of huts in a bush clearing. One of the scrawny mothers of the tribe, clad in skins, took me into her hut. It was made of withies twisted between upright sticks like a basket, with plenty of daylight showing through, and it had an air of marked impermanence, for the Suk are nomads.

Possessions were down to the bone. A few hollow gourds stoppered with cows' tails in a woven bag hanging on a wall; a clay pot, upside down on a stick, for milking into; a spear tucked into the side of the hut; a few hides in a corner. Nothing else. Two low platforms, perhaps a foot high, made of sticks bound with thongs, provided elementary beds. Sunlight dappled the floor as it probed chinks in the walls. A smell of wood smoke, rancid fat, and cow dung—rather pleasant. The old girl hawked and spat as she talked, and her neck coils twinkled in the sun and shadow.

What did she think of Progress—represented, in this instance, by a plan to improve the grazing? She rubbed her skinny arms with claw-like hands. Her naked stomach was fretted all over with bumps, which had been made, she told me, in her childhood to cure a great sickness.

"We have to move too much," she complained. "Why can't we be left alone with our goats? Why do we have to trek from one place to another?"

It is the same everywhere: the old women are the strongest enemies of the giant. And as their ranks are filled from the age grade below them, the minds of the new matriarchs harden into the mold of their predecessors. I said, "The boys go to school at Kacheliba" (that little trading center by the Suam). "There are

DISTINGUISHED BEACON BOOKS IN WORLD AFFAIRS...

BEACON

WHO WANTS DISARMAMENT?

By Richard J. Barnet

With an Introduction by Chester Bowles **$3.50**

A guide to the intricate disarmament debate that has commanded newspaper headlines since the first disarmament conference between the Soviet Union and the United States in 1946.

SAYS CHESTER BOWLES:

"Disarmament is not a job which can 'be left to the men in Washington'.... No issue in our time is more immediate and demanding and few studies I have seen provide in such short compass and with such clarity its essential elements."

SAYS HOWARD K. SMITH:

"A useful resume of the history of and arguments on the most vital topic of the time . . . helpful toward understanding the problems involved in the most propaganda-ridden of all subjects."

SAYS DAVID OWEN:

Professor of History, Harvard University: "This volume not only puts into perspective the most urgent public question of our age but examines, with admirable clarity and balance, the issues surrounding it . . . required reading for the thoughtful citizen."

BEACON

THE REBELS

A Study of Post-War Insurrections

By Brian Crozier **$3.95**

Indo-China . . . Malaya . . . Kenya . . . Cyprus . . . Algeria . . . the Suez . . . Cuba — these are the danger points of the globe where Crozier collected his first-hand information on rebellions and terrorism.

Here are the rebel leaders he discusses:

- Fidel Castro
- Ho Chi Minh
- Archbishop Makarios
- Jomo Kenyatta
- Ferhat Abbas
- Vo Nguyen Giap
- Belkacim Krim
- General Grivas
- Benbella
- Messali Hadj
- Hastings Banda
- Luis Taruc

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR ORDER DIRECT FROM BEACON PRESS:

BEACON PRESS

25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.

Please send me the following books:

_____ copies of WHO WANTS DISARMAMENT? at $3.50 each.

_____ copies of THE REBELS at $3.95 each.

I realize that I may return my copies for full refund within ten days if not completely satisfied.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Postage prepaid if payment accompanies order.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no girls there. Why not send them too?"

The old woman, and her cronies who were squatting in the doorway, buzzed like meat flies. Several spat juicily. "Schools? Girls? Who would agree to that? The place of girls is with their mothers. No schools. No, no, no."

The fathers do not want to send them either, lest they slip away and out of control. It is women who hold the tribe together. If they go, all goes.

No cooking stones in this hut, such as you find in all the huts of cultivating people. There is no need to cook. Curdled milk and blood is the staple, and meat roasted on the ends of skewers. Sometimes, nowadays, they trade hides for grain, and then the women pound and cook it like their harder-working sisters of the uplands. But only now and then: for them no delving, no hoes, no *pangas*. The pastoral life they know to be the best because it does not turn women into slaves of the hoe. They have no envy for their sisters who bend their backs in the hot sun to dig, weed, and harvest.

BACK IN THE VILLAGE, at a new brick office built for the chief, eight members of the local grazing committee filed in silently to sit on two benches: oldish men who wore their hair matted with mud into a close-fitting cap painted with red and white designs, a white ostrich feather sticking up at the back. All had the Suk plug in the lower lip, and most wore earrings the size of new potatoes that looked like huge pearls. For the rest they were in ragged shirts and trousers: one wore split rubber shoes, another sandals made of zebra hide. They spoke in Suk which a young schoolmaster translated.

"The story of this plan goes back to olden times when we controlled our own grazing. At certain times the elders would decide to drive away all the cattle so as to let the grass grow. But then, as soon as the cattle returned, the grass was eaten up and it did not recover, because there were too many cattle. So our beasts grew thin and when the rains failed they died. We fed them with leaves and branches cut from trees, but this was not enough.

"Then came the government and told us: you must divide your country by cutting lines through the bush. Then you must put all the cattle together, goats too, everything, between two lines. They must stay there until they have eaten the grass. Then we will open another block for them. And they must move and not return for one year.

"So we decided to try this. But many people were not satisfied. 'This is a trick,' they said, 'to take our land; when the grass has grown, Europeans will come and seize it.' Some hesitated, others crossed the Suam and fled into Uganda.

"But some of us stayed behind. After a while, we saw that this idea was successful. The grass grew higher than ever before, and people found that when the cattle moved away, the grass had not been killed. So our cattle got fatter, and no longer starved.

"Now the people who fled into Uganda have recrossed the Suam, and we no longer cut branches from thorn trees for our cattle. We are getting more milk, the children are healthier. If anyone drives his cattle into closed pastures, we of the committee exact a fine—a beast for each offense. We should like to see the whole of Suk country made into a scheme."

The root of all the trouble is the increase of stock, because veterinaries have controlled the epidemics, mainly rinderpest, that used to keep animals and pastures in balance.

Once a year, all the beasts are rounded up at one of forty crushes, inoculated for rinderpest, and new stock branded. Now, in a grazing scheme, there is a ten per cent annual cut. Each owner receives his quota: this man must get rid of ten beasts, that man of seven, that of two.

He sends them to a sale yard, where regular monthly auctions are conducted by two Suk auctioneers, called Achome Lotulianguio and Kipkopus, who have all the patter at the tip of their tongues. The highest price at the last auction was £24—these little scraggy beasts are no larger than donkeys and weigh five or six hundredweight. An old man was so staggered at this fabulous wealth that he danced himself into a coma and then went off and bought a bicycle that he keeps wrapped up in brown paper and treats like some priceless old master.

THESE GRAZING PLANS are the first successful attempt made in East Africa to tackle on a massive scale the restoration of deserts created in the last thirty years by continued overstocking. These new deserts lie, broadly speaking, in a great arc along the lower reaches of the highlands, between them and the older deserts of the Northern Frontier which cannot be reclaimed because the rainfall is too low. They were, and still are, advancing year by year into the marginal pastures. All over Africa this happens, east, west, and center: wherever there are deserts, fringed by marginal pastures, the deserts advance because man overstocks and abuses his habitat.

Far from being checked, in most places the process is accelerating. That is why this work in Kenya has importance for the whole continent. It shows that you *can* stop deserts if you really try—even put them into reverse. In these two districts alone, West Suk and Baringo, nearly 400,000 acres have been brought under grazing control.

The essence of the system is the practice every British farmer follows when he moves his cattle from one field to another. Only here there are no fields, just endless bush that you must first divide into enormous blocks by cutting traces through the undergrowth. The art lies in knowing when to move the herds, how long to rest each block and when to let beasts back again.

Kenya follows a system evolved in Texas. You divide an area into four blocks and put the cattle into each in turn for four months. It then falls out that every block in turn rests during the four months' growing season during and after the rains. By the banks of the Suam we saw the result: grass waist high, like a hayfield ready to mow—thick, nutritious star grass, something unseen here for thirty years. Across the trace, outside the scheme, the baked dusty ground was bare as a table top. Where does the grass come from? It seems a miracle. Seeds must lie dormant for years and years in this oven, only waiting a bare chance to germinate.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quackery On the Keys

NAT HENTOFF

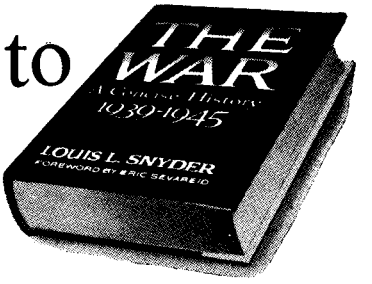
"We need good music teachers more than performers today," Jascha Heifetz said recently. An increasing number of conservatory teachers, professional musicians, and indignant parents are coming to agree with him.

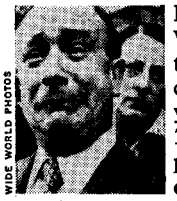
Hilde Somer, a Viennese-born concert pianist and teacher of teachers, is especially vehement on the subject of American piano instruction. "Most people don't realize," Miss Somer complained recently, "that anyone—absolutely anyone—can start giving piano lessons for money. There are no licenses and no examinations to pass as in other professional fields. The majority of teachers to whom pupils first come are, to begin with, inferior pianists." Piano teachers, Miss Somer feels, are particularly vulnerable to the adage "Those who can't, teach."

Louis Roth, director of publications for the Sam Fox Publishing Company, one of the oldest and largest producers of educational music material, agrees with Miss Somer: "I would say that no more than ten per cent of the hundreds of thousands of American piano teachers are at all competent. And their own level of musicianship has a great deal to do with the kind of teaching material that is so often published." It is far more valuable for the beginner, most professional musicians agree, to work with even a simplified version of a Mozart or Bach piece than with the faded valentines that are usually given to elementary and intermediate pupils. A child whose introduction to performing consists of mechanical reproductions of the most pallid forms of late nineteenth-century drawing-room "music appreciation" may understandably yearn for rock 'n' roll.

As one index of the poor quality of American piano teaching, Roth points to the fact that while the market for first-year student material is immense, the demand drops

The first book to compress the entire history of World War II into one superbly readable and authoritative volume





If you remember World War II, if your life was touched by it, if you are curious about it — then you will want to read *The War*, the new, complete one-volume history of that war.

Historian Louis L. Snyder, Professor of History at the City College of New York, a foremost authority on modern history, has written this book with such drive and power that it has the pace of a thriller. This is history made vivid and vital.

Here is the story of the war in all its tragedy and splendor, its moments of soaring elation and weary despair. Here are historic conferences, eye-witness accounts, epoch-making speeches, details of campaigns and battles.

But *The War* is not only a brilliantly readable history; it is also an authoritative reference work. Here, in easily, accessible form, are the answers to your specific questions about World War II. Here are battles, strategies, campaigns, conferences, dates, slogans, triumphs and defeats. And in addition to his faithful and complete reporting of the events of the war, Dr. Snyder analyzes the situations that led up to the conflict, and outlines the confusing events of the aftermath.

For those who recall the war, this book will give a clear overall view of events that may have seemed confusing at the time. And for those too young to recollect the tremendous happenings and the hysterical climate of those years, Dr. Snyder's book offers a swift-paced and fascinating guide to the recent past.

In his introduction, Eric Sevareid writes: "As one who was personally involved with some of these events, I have found that these chapters have clarified portions of my own life for me. Professor Snyder's facts speak for themselves. Here it is, the whole panorama, men and minds in motion through six fantastic years."

The War is illustrated with 32 pages of photographs. Many of them are the long-remembered photographic classics of World War II, as much a part of the history of the times as the headlines that bannered those terrible days.

This is a book that you will want to own, that you will be proud to give, and that you will read — and use — again and again.

Extraordinary praise from the experts

"The War has magnificent drive and makes electrifying reading." — *Geoffrey Bruun*, HISTORIAN AND CRITIC

"Accurate both in concept and detail . . . this is a splendid book!"—*George Fielding Eliot*

"An exciting, swift-paced narrative, with many shrewd and provocative judgments about men and events." — *Richard B. Morris*, CHAIRMAN, HISTORY DEPT., COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

"There has long existed a need for a documented history of World War II which combines a high degree of readability with sufficient accuracy to qualify as a reference book: Dr. Snyder's book answers this need." — *Arleigh Burke*, CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

"A first-class job. Complete, well-balanced, judicious." — *Dean Louis Hacker*, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

"An excellent and much needed book, with most valuable documentation from the sources. The dramatic impact of the narrative grows steadily." — *Hans Kohn*, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK

THE WAR

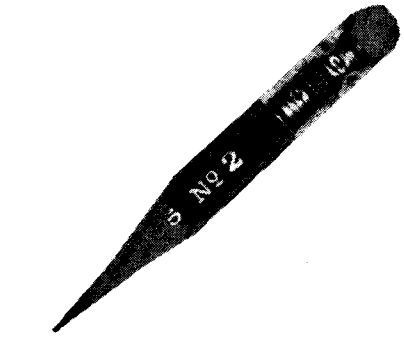
A CONCISE HISTORY, 1939-1945

By Louis L. Snyder

FOREWORD BY ERIC SEVAREID Illustrated with 32 pages of photographs, 20 maps. $7.95, at your bookstore

JULIAN MESSNER, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Get to the point!

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN
WITH THE BEST-SELLING GUIDE
TO CLEAR, CONCISE WRITING.

THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE

by Wm. Strunk, Jr., and E. B. White

Your bookseller has it. $2.50

MACMILLAN

JOBS ABROAD

For teachers, writers, librarians, translators, stenographers and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations. How, when and where to apply, $2.00. Money-back guarantee. Included free, "Student Opportunities Abroad." M. Dorf, Box 1415-R, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

DON'T QUIT SMOKING

... Before Giving My Pipe a Trial!

New principle that contradicts every idea you've ever had about pipe smoking. I guarantee it to smoke cool and mild hour after hour, day after day, without rest without bite, bitterness or sludge. To prove it, I'll let you try a new Carey Pipe. Send name today for my FREE complete trial offer. Write to: **E. A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept.** 213-K **Chicago 40, Ill.**

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #14

H	U	C	K	L	E	B	E	R	R	Y	F	I	N	N
O	■	O	■	E	■	I	■	O	■	A	■	M	■	O
R	A	N	G	O	O	N	■	T	U	C	U	M	A	N
R	■	G	■	N	■	G	■	O	■	H	■	E	■	E
O	V	E	N	■	H	E	A	R	T	T	H	R	O	B
R	■	A	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	B	■	S	■	U
C	O	L	D	W	A	R	■	G	R	A	V	E	S	T
O	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	T
M	A	C	H	E	T	E	■	T	R	I	L	I	T	H
I	■	A	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	R	■	E
C	O	N	F	E	S	S	I	O	N	■	C	O	M	B
B	■	T	■	N	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	N	■	R
O	R	A	T	I	N	G	■	D	I	L	E	M	M	A
O	■	T	■	N	■	N	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	V
K	W	A	N	G	S	I	P	R	O	V	I	N	C	E

Acrostician—

PRINCE ANDREW

by a third for the second year and is cut in half in the third year. "Pupils drop out," he explains, "because most piano teachers are not able to instill in them the excitement of making music. They don't have it themselves, so how can they communicate it? Another contributing factor is that by the time they've reached third-year material, many teachers don't know what to do with it. They're not much beyond that point themselves."

THE VARIOUS "methods" employed by piano teachers have also been criticized by professional music educators because of the mindless rigidity with which they are applied. "You cannot teach all students by the same method," Louis Roth emphasizes, "but most teachers try to."

"The fact that the methods are applied so mechanically," Hilde Somer adds, "also underlines the fact that most teachers are not concerned with their students as individuals. They lack the warmth and interest that must be an element of effective teaching. Furthermore, not only are no two personalities alike, but no two pairs of hands are the same. I had a student recently with a tremendous pair of hands which he felt were too big. I pointed out that no hands are too big *or* too small. The teacher need only adjust them to the keyboard. Most teachers, however, have one pat hand position and apply it to everyone they teach.

"Do you know," Miss Somer's voice tightened in rage, "that many teachers still use the nineteenth-century

method of putting a coin on a pupil's hand as a teaching device? It's like teaching a baby to walk by tying chains around its thighs."

If the teaching of classical music is largely suspect, instruction in "popular piano" is worse. Standards are even lower and the teachers, by and large, would have trouble holding down a job in a neighborhood bar. Students looking for jazz—rather than popular—piano instruction have to search extremely hard for competent teachers unless they live in New York, where John Mehegan, Lennie Tristano, and Hall Overton teach. Mehegan has written the only reliable guides so far to the mechanics of jazz piano (*Jazz Improvisation: Tonal and Rhythmic Principles,* Watson-Guptill, New York; and a series of training books, *The Jazz Pianist,* for the Sam Fox Publishing Company). A long-time professional pianist, Mehegan now spends nearly all his time teaching and has seen his pupils carry his pedagogical message to their own communities.

Mehegan finds the general teaching level of "popular piano" irresponsible and complains that "At least most classical pupils get to know the scales." Like his distraught colleague in the classical field, Mehegan is often confronted by students who "play things but don't know why. They get no training in how music is constructed. They learn —and they're taught—by rote."

SEVERAL PROFESSIONALS believe that teachers of classical and popular piano should be licensed. Heida Hermann, a teacher and concert performer, observes that "Passing a licensing examination will not, of course, guarantee that a teacher is a superior instructor, but parents at least will be more protected against the outstandingly incompetent than they are now."

Others are convinced that it is hopeless to press for licensing laws. Instead, they advocate that conservatories and universities with music departments establish teaching standards for their localities and educate the community to require teachers to meet those criteria.

A more immediately practical solution is proposed by Mrs. Janet Schenck, founder of the Manhattan School of Music in New York: "It would make more sense and be more effective if a group of the better private teachers themselves started a move to set higher standards for their profession. A certifying board composed of several major teachers from conservatories could pass on the applicants. Although many piano teachers would not like such a develop-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

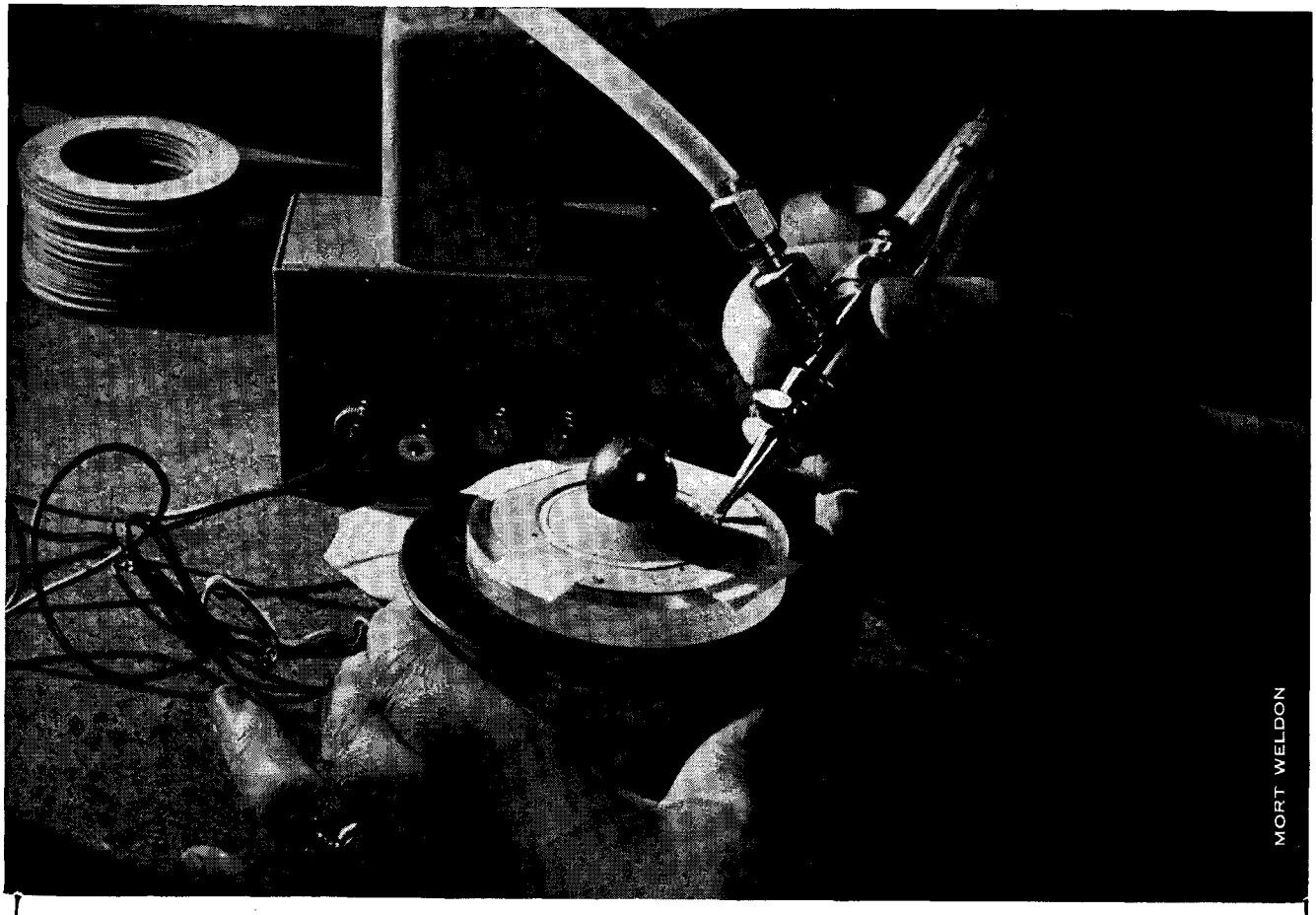
ment, a parent could at least place some trust in teachers who had been approved by such a board."

The Manhattan School meanwhile provides a service from time to time that could be extended by other schools and by teachers of piano teachers. Children are occasionally auditioned on request of their parents by a member of the school's piano department to determine how well they are being trained privately. A yearly audition of this sort by an outside expert is one way in which a parent who is not a trained musician can keep some sort of check.

"There *are* some fine private teachers," Heida Hermann points out, "and standards have improved in this country during the past twenty years as more and more graduates of conservatories are going into teaching because there is not enough room for them in the concert

field. The problem for the parent is to find those teachers." "Parents ought to find out a teacher's background," Hilde Somer advises, "before entrusting their children to him. One important test is whether the teacher is still studying."

IT IS TRUE, of course, that many parents feel any teacher is "good enough" for a first-year student, but this is an economy which often leads to pupils picking up egregiously bad playing habits that later take months to unravel. Parents who believe that first-year teachers can safely be bought at discount prices have rationalized, "After all, I don't want my child to become a concert pianist." They needn't worry; few pupils do. But parents are surely wasting every penny they do spend if the lessons that are supposed to bring music into their child's life only succeed in driving it out.



The same material cannot properly be a rigid cone and a compliant suspension.
In all KLH speakers, cone and suspension are separate parts.
Here the suspension is being formed, by hand, of liquid butyl rubber.
A KLH cone is rigid. Its suspension is compliant.

KLH

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION
30 CROSS STREET, CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS

Descriptive literature, with the name of your nearest franchised KLH dealer, is available on request.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORD NOTES

BACH: PARTITAS NO. 1 & 2; ITALIAN CONCERTO. Glenn Gould, piano. (*Columbia*; mono or stereo.)

Glenn Gould's perpetually drooping shoulders now support the mantle of Wanda Landowska, for with her death he has become the most distinguished living exponent of Bach's keyboard music—a large accomplishment for a man of twenty-eight. The qualities one cherished in Landowska's interpretations of Bach are equally present in Gould's: a strong and vital rhythmic sense, an ability to expose complex part-writing in an uncompromising yet lucid fashion, and a controlled freedom of expression that can reflect the likeness of the interpreter while remaining true to the vision of the composer.

These attributes are on impressive display in Gould's most recent Bach disc. I liked particularly the whirlwind Gigue from the First Partita and the clipped, bouncy Andante from the opening movement of the Second, but all of it is first-rate Gould and first-rate Bach. The Italian Concerto, to be sure, really requires the contrasting registrations of the harpsichord to make its full effect, but the piece comes off here as well as it possibly can on the piano.

As usual, the microphones have picked up a fair portion of Gould's impromptu vocal accompaniments. Surely it is time that he put this jarring aberration to rest.

MOZART: CLARINET CONCERTO; INTERLUDES FROM KING THAMOS, ETC. London Symphony, Peter Maag, cond. (*London*, 2 records; stereo.)

In this era of jet travel and supersonic publicity, few European musicians of stature remain undiscovered on our side of the Atlantic. Peter Maag, a youngish conductor from Switzerland, is one of the notable exceptions.

Aside from the octogenarians Beecham and Walter, Maag has no equal today as an interpreter of Mozart. His sense of tempo in Mozart's music is unerring; adagios are languorous and relaxed but not stodgy, allegros incisive and nimble but not hectic. His ear for proper Mozartian sonority enables him to achieve rich colors while retaining clear textures. Most importantly, he is temperamentally attuned to the romantic sentiment in Mozart's music and refuses to repress it in pursuit of a flavorless classical ideal. Despite his eminence in this repertoire, Maag is practically unknown in America except for his recordings. Fortunately, London Records continues regularly to send over to the United States fresh examples of his art.

The latest offering brackets Mozart's Clarinet Concerto with the Horn Concertos No. 1 and 3 (London CS 6178). Several lovely recordings of the Clarinet Concerto are already available, but I would unhesitatingly put this new one at the top of the list. Soloist Gervase de Payer is as accomplished as any, the recording quality better than most, the conducting inimitable. High marks are due the two horn concertos as well, though soloist Barry Tuckwell does not quite measure up to the elastic ebullience of the late Dennis Brain in his 1954 recording for Angel.

Another recent Mozart collation conducted by Maag includes the Interludes from *King Thamos*, the Overture to *Lucio Silla*, the "Serenata Notturno," and the "Notturno for Four Orchestras" (London CS 6133). This last work makes much use of left-right echo effects and is thus particularly suitable for two-channel reproduction. The gem of the collection, however, is the incidental music to *Thamos, King of Egypt*, a product of 1780 (that is, just prior to *Idomeneo*), which blends echoes of Gluck's *Orpheus* and anticipations of Schubert's *Rosamunde* in an amalgam purely Mozartian.

PUCCINI: TURANDOT. Birgit Nilsson, soprano; Renata Tebaldi, soprano; Jussi Bjoerling, tenor; *et al.*; Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. (*RCA Victor*, 3 records; stereo or mono.)

Turandot was the last opera to come from Puccini's pen (he died in 1924 before completing the last scene) and the last Italian opera to have won any kind of international success. Though the end of a long line, it does not show the characteristics of a terminal work. Quite the contrary, it points toward the future.

Turandot is no mere rehash of *Bohème* and *Butterfly*. In his last composition Puccini was obviously attempting to bring conventional Italian opera to terms with the new musical worlds discovered by Stravinsky and Schoenberg, and he succeeded in creating a work that is both of its times and of popular appeal. Unfortunately, the road that he marked out for his successors has gone untraveled. The decline in Italian opera after Puccini's death was precipitous.

RCA's new recording is advertised as "a *Turandot* with the perfect 'dream cast,'" but despite the impressive personnel involved and the advance build-up, it strikes me as a rather dismal effort. To begin with, the engineering is wretched. Bjoerling has been placed so close to the microphone that one can almost hear his tonsils rattling, while other singers have been placed away off in the distance for no apparent reason. The large choruses and loud orchestral passages (of which there are plenty in *Turandot*) have a compressed and unpleasantly "electronic" sound, some of the duets are disfigured by distortion, and pre-echo obtrudes far too often, particularly in the "Riddle Scene." (I refer to the stereo version; the mono has not reached me and may be superior.)

Musically, the performance is middle-grade. Its one great distinction is the Calaf of Jussi Bjoerling, certainly the best on records. Birgit Nilsson has the strength and the top notes for the role of Princess Turandot, but her musical phrasing and dramatic characterization are wooden. Renata Tebaldi as the slave girl Liù is miscast, her voice being too big and plummy for this music. And Leinsdorf's accurate, four-square conducting conveys the score's grandeur although it does not convey its charm.

Far the finest recorded performance of *Turandot* remains the three-year-old Angel set. It lacks Bjoerling and stereo but has just about everything else—including the supple direction of Tullio Serafin, clean and effective engineering, and an inspired re-creation of the title role by Maria Callas.

—ROLAND GELATT

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Rebuilding Our Cities To Man's Measure

ALBERT BUSH-BROWN

THE IMAGE OF THE CITY, by Kevin Lynch. *Technology Press and Harvard University Press. $5.50.*

The American industrial city has generally failed to inspire poets, novelists, and artists as an appropriate setting for heroic action. The pathos of Jack Levine's gluttons, the brassy vanities of Reginald Marsh and Paul Cadmus, the empty darkened streets of Edward Hopper are but pictorial counterparts to the headlines about trivia, lurid sensationalism, and violence. The urban novel—of Dreiser, of Anderson, of Wharton, Wolfe, and Dos Passos—displays the American city's turmoil, its people's compulsions, their crudities. Our cities today are not organized to nurture ideals about place and history that can stimulate and dignify.

And yet we Americans are not congenitally lacking in the sense of urban aesthetics. There was a time, not two centuries ago, when societies settled nobly at Annapolis, Georgetown, Beacon Hill, and Savannah, respected distinctive topography, augmented it by their avenues and parks, sited communal institutions on principal promontories, apportioned private lands generously, and built connections to the public spaces—so that private wealth bolstered commonwealth. Americans then knew how to build and sustain a society; a fine city was their ideal.

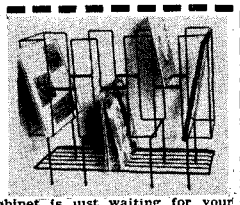
IT WAS TECHNOLOGY—or rather man's abuse of it—that enabled Americans to destroy the ideal. Machines removed the natural impetus to the Georgian pattern of settlement, unleashed the urge to level and canalize, littered the ground and catapulted above the mess by mechanical conquests over height, defied the rhythm of night and day by permitting man to burn lamps continuously, bought his way to all-weather, controlled climate so that the sun neither menaced nor the winds chilled, bridged congested miles by wires and waves so that information, much of it trivial, was broadcast instantly. Technology, up to now, has seldom been aesthetically beneficial.

The human consequences could be ignored, for a bountiful technology leapt each obstacle, and colossal wealth preserved retreats; besides, there was occasional majesty in the turreted mass of lower Manhattan, a curious beauty in the sludge and oil slicks of the Mississippi at New Orleans. But most of all, especially in small cities, urban thought enjoyed a duality—the farm, the city—and outside the metropolis an agricultural frontier beckoned even as early as 1870, when railroads, indulging in land speculation, promoted suburban refuge, abetting the American tendency to separate place of work from place of residence. Eventually the separation became an economic and technological necessity.

The pastoral did not move into the city, except as yokels gawked at the carnival on Broadway or a rustic artifice was contrived for Central Park; rather, downtown was abandoned by residents, and a tawdry enclave moved to the countryside, sprawled outward, stretched along the arteries, until the city itself, but particularly its institutional working units, rotted, and country and city converged upon one undifferentiated experience, suburbia. It is Professor Lynch's belief that unless the whole metropolitan region is given a new and clear shape, there will be no way to understand or to manage the new Gargantua.

Professor Lynch's book represents the third of the periods of criti-

SORTS 200 RECORDS



Black wrought-iron cabinet is just waiting for your collection to grow into! "Shows-off" 200 LP albums. Ten compartments to file records by symphonies, operas, ballets, jazz, folk, chamber and show music! Sturdy: 25"x22"x12". Fully assembled! Remit $9.95, or chg. Diners' Acct. Exp. chg. collected on delivery. AIR-MAIL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! $9.95
©Leslie Creations • Dept. 235E • Lafayette Hill, Pa.

WAREHOUSE SALE
Save up to 53% on
MUSEUM & CONTEMPORARY
MASTERPIECES IN REPLICA
Save On Fine Art—New Low Prices

☐ F-807 "DAVID" (Illustrated) by Michelangelo, 1504, original in Florence, Italy. Green Bronze Finish. Height 14".
Special Sale Price Only $9.95
(Shipping & Packing) 1.75
☐ M-806 "THE THINKER" by Auguste Rodin. (1840-1917). Metropolitan Museum of Art. Bronze Finish. Height 9½".
Special Sale Price Only $7.95
(Shipping & Packing) 1.25
☐ 119 "VENUS DE MILO" 3rd-4th Century B.C., original in the Louvre, Paris. White Marble Finish. Height 18".
Special Sale Price Only $12.95
(Shipped Express Collect)
☐ R-804 "THE KISS" by Auguste Rodin (1840-1917). Original in Paris. Bronze Finish. Height 10".
Special Sale Price Only $16.95
(Shipping & Packing) 2.00
☐ R-414 "MOSES" by Michelangelo. 1516. Original in Rome. White Marble Finish. Height 15".
Special Sale Price Only $10.79
(Shipped Express Collect)
Complete History of Piece & Sculptor Included
Limited Quantities at These Prices
10 Day Money Back Guarantee
Check items desired, enclose check or money order, and order direct from:
WYNN'S WAREHOUSE, Dept. R-90
Lawrence Rd., Kings Park, L. I., N. Y.
Send 25¢ for 42 page illustrated catalog

NEGRO POLITICS
By JAMES Q. WILSON

Not since we published *Black Bourgeoisie* by Franklin Frazier has there been such a book to illuminate the inner working of the Negro community. Wilson cuts through the rhetoric of race advancement to show what forces are really at work within a northern Negro city. This book will shatter some of the widely held myths about the homogeneity and singleness of purpose of Negroes. These myths have hampered efforts at interracial cooperation, and made impossible an understanding of what is going on in the Negro body politic.

Wilson discusses real people acting in concrete situations. Some of the specific problems discussed in the book include: Differences in political style between Negro leaders, for example, Dawson and Adam Clayton Powell; the attitude toward cooperation with Jews and other minorities; attitudes of Negro politicians toward Negro civic organizations like NAACP and Urban League, etc.

Dept. R-9

FP THE FREE PRESS OF GLENCOE, ILLINOIS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cism the modern city has undergone. The first was leveled at the industrial city during the Age of Reform, when classic white façades, inspired by Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893, were made to stand upon broad boulevards, as at Washington. Such formal planning ignored the social conditions of the city, which became the subject for the second period of criticism, during the New Deal, when attention turned to housing, recreation, and public buildings.

In the third (and current) period of criticism, both formal and social objectives are sought, and the art of city planning, meanwhile, has attracted many practitioners with professional knowledge of legal restraints, economic analyses, traffic information, and social surveys. It would seem propitious, therefore, that the greatest powers ever created for changing the urban scene —the Federal highway and urban-renewal programs—should arrive at this moment.

BUT LAMENTABLY, neither planners nor the public seem to be as ready as they were even in 1930. Planners are uncertain about their aesthetic objectives. Pittsburgh's bold and wonderful Chatham Village of 1927 has not been succeeded by residential neighborhoods of comparable quality; early Rockefeller Center, as approached from Fifth Avenue, suggests a thrilling urban image, but its promise is belied westward where slabs no longer define exterior spaces but stand as massive blocks, like the new Time-Life Building, crowding leftover spaces. The disappointment is confirmed elsewhere: in the ugly but modern Penn Center at Philadelphia; in Boston, where the Central Artery ripped through downtown and provided an ugly barrier and hazardous passageway. Proposals for Boston's Prudential Center, for Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle, and for San Francisco's Gateway force the sensitive to raise their voices in concert with those, including Alfred Kazin, Lewis Mumford, and William Whyte, who look upon recent urban remodeling as a gigantic bore.

For the most part, the remodeling reflects an appalling paucity of imagination, stupid adherence to the rigid formalities of a few inflexible ideas. Thus far, few imaginations have exceeded the forceful visions of Le Corbusier, the Swiss-French architect who in 1945 proposed to reconstruct bombed-out Saint-Dié in France: swift highways served minor routes that led past tall slabs and towers set at wide intervals in pedestrian parks; one large area was to be developed as a cultural and civic center where uniquely shaped buildings would symbolize the governmental, artistic, commercial, scholarly, theatrical, and musical functions they housed. As a general scheme it was not intended to be a panacea, as Le Corbusier insisted when he developed a better plan for Chandigarh; nor did it have the rich detail a city requires. But approximations of it appeared internationally, and wide areas of cities were swept clean to make room for it.

The results of such wholesale demolition and rebuilding to a single pattern resemble the Cartesian and Kantian gods created by logical metaphysicians; as Santayana has said, such synthetic deities are always offensive to the devout, whose religious personages have been developed by many people and by history. And so with cities. They attain richness of experience and diversity of possibility for action not from one individual's fiat but from centuries of sensitivity to form and to the urgencies of place and time. What is needed today is a way to evoke organization from existing urban functions and institutions—not carving new Brasilias from the jungle, for few men do that well, but stimulating better growth in older cities.

ON THIS QUESTION, Kevin Lynch now offers a rewarding analysis in his modest and artful book. Reflecting today's concern for aesthetics, taking liberal social goals for granted, he does not discuss low-cost housing or schools or zoning. Rather, he suggests the most viable theory about city form since the proposals Camillo Sitte made in Vienna about 1890.

Professor Lynch's book developed from studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Center for Urban and Regional Studies, which was generously supported by funds from the Rockefeller Foundation. The chief material comes from his scrutiny of Boston, Los Angeles, and Jersey City, whose central areas were inspected to gain opinions about the significant perceptual features of urban form. Then interviews were conducted with small numbers of urban residents to determine their ideas of each city. They were encouraged to evoke their images of the city, stimulated by requests for descriptions, sketches, maps, performances of imaginary trips, questions about directions and descriptions of locations. One of the assets of Professor Lynch's book is the ingenious graphic compilation of the evidence, notably a map of Boston, which summarizes the major obstacles people encounter in finding their way and in forming mental pictures of their city.

After studying the ways in which we perceive our urban environment, Lynch concludes that the city, as it now stands, is the map of our confusions and the source of many frustrations. The vast and complex pattern is now being reshaped, but not in a way that will produce the securities, the symbols, and the collective memories that might adapt the city to man's needs.

It is Lynch's thesis that a vivid and integrated environment heightens the depth and intensity of human experience. And he finds that "legibility," a clear image of the environment, depends upon an observer's ease in finding many clues, including visual sensations of color, shape, size, and pattern, motion and concentrations of light, sound, texture, and even smell.

The people of Boston share an awareness of most of the city's shore line, its traffic arteries, its Back Bay residential pattern, its public institutions on Copley Square, its Public Garden and Common, which are dominated by the golden dome of the State House on Beacon Hill. But much of Boston, like most of Jersey City and Los Angeles, con-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a big bird the Phoenix is!

EXISTENTIALISM
A manual for writers of term papers, theses and dissertations
THE ROAD TO SERFDOM
PEOPLE OF PLENTY
STRUCTURAL LINGUISTICS

In five short years *Phoenix Paperbacks*, one of the first quality paperback lists launched by a University Press, has grown to be one of the most admired and best-selling paperback series in America. Here are the newest titles.

GREEK TRAGEDIES

edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore. Fifteen Greek tragedies selected from Chicago's widely acclaimed four-volume $20.00 edition.
3 Vols. P41, 42, 43 $1.35 each

A MANUAL FOR WRITERS OF TERM PAPERS, THESES, AND DISSERTATIONS

by Kate Turabian. A complete and authoritative guide to scientific and non-scientific papers. P46 $1.00

T. S. ELIOT'S POETRY AND PLAYS

by Grover Smith. A study in sources and meaning, with a new chapter on *The Elder Statesman.* "*Indispensable.*" – Am. Literature P54 $2.45

THE MEANING OF SHAKESPEARE

in two volumes by Harold C. Goddard. Shakespeare's religious, moral, political, and social convictions. "*Truly enlightening.*" – Lionel Trilling
2 Vols. P50, 51 $1.95 each

THE LITTLE COMMUNITY and PEASANT SOCIETY AND CULTURE

by Robert Redfield. Explores the means by which anthropologists try to understand human communities. P53 $2.25

PRINCIPLES OF INTENSIVE PSYCHOTHERAPY

by Frieda Fromm-Reichmann. Based on the experience of a distinguished psychoanalyst. "*A sense of exquisite awareness of the workings of the human totality.*" – Am. Jrl. of Psychoanalysis. P49 $1.75

GREEK LYRICS

translated by Richmond Lattimore. More than a hundred poems and fragments. "*Thrilling ancient names acquire fresh brilliance and vitality.*" – New Yorker P48 $1.35

ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE

a new translation by Joseph P. Clancy. The first modern verse translation of the *complete odes.* P47 $1.95

STRUCTURAL LINGUISTICS

by Zellig S. Harris. A systematic outline of theory and practice in modern linguistics. P52 $2.25

IDEAS HAVE CONSEQUENCES

by Richard M. Weaver. A remedy for the ills of our culture based on the use of man's reason and the acceptance of an absolute reality. P44 $1.35

THE HUMAN ANIMAL

by Weston La Barre. The factors in man's physiology and development that distinguish him from the apes. "*Sound, lively, unhackneyed.*" – Sat. Review P45 $1.95

other Phoenix Paperbacks

HISTORY OF THE PRIMATES
by W. E. Le Gros Clark P21 $1.25

INTRODUCTION TO EXISTENTIALISM
by Marjorie Grene P34 $1.25

FROM DESCARTES TO LOCKE
edited by T. V. Smith and Marjorie Grene P17 $1.95

THE ROAD TO SERFDOM
by Friedrich A. Hayek P4 $1.50

PEOPLE OF PLENTY
by David M. Potter P28 $1.35

MAN AND THE STATE
by Jacques Maritain P5 $1.50

THE CULTURE OF ANCIENT EGYPT
by John A. Wilson P11 $1.95

THE PROTESTANT ERA
by Paul Tillich (abridged) P19 $1.50

BERKELEY, HUME, AND KANT
edited by T. V. Smith and Marjorie Grene P18 $1.95

These and many other fine PHOENIX books are on sale at your favorite bookstore. Use this convenient coupon to order

from the popular paperback series –

CHICAGO HISTORY OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

Daniel J. Boorstin, General Editor

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC 1763-89
by Edmund S. Morgan $1.75

THE NATION TAKES SHAPE: 1789-1837
by Marcus Cunliffe $1.75

THE RESPONSE TO INDUSTRIALISM: 1885-1914
by Samuel P. Hays $1.75

THE PERILS OF PROSPERITY: 1914-32
by William E. Leuchtenburg $1.75

THE NEW AGE OF FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT: 1932-45
by Dexter Perkins $1.75

THE PRICE OF POWER: America since 1945
by Herbert Agar $1.75

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE: A Military History
by Howard H. Peckham $1.75

AMERICAN CATHOLICISM
by John Tracy Ellis $1.75

AMERICAN JUDAISM
by Nathan Glazer $1.75

Mail to your bookseller, or to
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CHICAGO PRESS, Dept. R9
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Illinois

☐ Please send me the following books (List PHOENIX BOOKS by number, AMERICAN CIVILIZATION books by title):

_____

_____

_____

_____

My check for $_____ is enclosed, to cover the cost of the books, plus 10¢ service charge if order is under $3.00.

☐ Please send complete paperback circular.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE...STATE.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tains critical ambiguities of shape, flaws in orientation, a lack of distinctive elements, boundaries, and pathways. Even in the Los Angeles grid, elements could not be located with confidence, and where perceptual form weakened, conceptual devices failed to prevent locations from floating in an undifferentiated matrix where the observer seemed lost.

From his surveys, which are aptly illustrated by fine photographs, drawings, and maps, Professor Lynch isolated five principal conditions for legibility. *Paths,* the channels for movement, are dominant elements in the image, and where streets, walkways, and transit lines clearly announce their directional character, they serve as indices and signals. *Edges* are linear elements—a shore line, railroad cut, or wall—which may be felt either as barriers or as connectors, what Professor Lynch calls "seams." The edges may help to define *districts,* those sections which have recognizable individuality, as do Chinatowns and Nob Hills. Often, districts may cluster about strategic points, or *nodes,* where an intensively used junction or break in means of transportation brings many people to a convergence of paths. Finally, there are *landmarks,* a physical object, building, sign, store, mountain, or patch of grass, signifying something personal or communal. These terms offer a general language for describing urban forms, and in generalizing, it may free the urban designer from the clichés of recent fiat designs.

In a short chapter, Professor Lynch applies what he has learned about perception to the problem of obtaining a city that is a multipurpose, shifting organization, plastic to the purposes and perceptions of its citizens, expressive of the urban functions of circulation, major land uses, and key focal points. He explains how paths, for example, might receive continuity, become arranged in a visual hierarchy, declare their direction, and support strong termini. And he suggests how an environment might require a strong visible framework that will hold together and yet expose many highly characteristic parts, each with its own individuality.

In criticism, I would only say that a good beginning has not gone far enough. Too much of the book is occupied with explaining and reviewing the method of investigation; I find no reason for dwelling upon machinery, as if scholars should describe their trips through the library. This burdensome exposition, I feel, might better have been replaced by more suggestions about fashioning cities, including illustrations of the brilliant plans that Professor Lynch himself has helped to develop for parts of Cleveland and Boston. As I meant to indicate by the example of Le Corbusier's plan for Saint-Dié, history, including urban history, seems to prove that no partial analysis, surely no purely conceptual analysis, has the power of an image. If urban chaos is to be reformed, we need to be shown a vision, based on the aesthetic Kevin Lynch has outlined, of the complexly organized, legible city where, as he writes, ". . . fear and confusion might be replaced with delight in the richness and power of the scene."

'He Speaks Things'

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

The Complete Poems of Michelangelo. Translated by Joseph Tusiani. *Noonday Press. $1.45.*

Who is not familiar with Michelangelo Buonarroti: sculptor, painter, architect? But that the titanic Tuscan also possessed (and deserved) a fourth crown of laurel is not sufficiently realized, not even, sadly enough, here in his native Florence. In the secondary schools, students will read the famous bitter response of Michelangelo to Giovanni Strozzi's verses on the statue of "Night" in the Medici tombs; or they will study the magnificent sonnet beginning *"Non ha l'ottimo artista . . ."* and that is all. But that Michelangelo was the greatest Italian lyrical poet of the sixteenth century is recognized only by specialists in cinquecento literature. What has happened, of course, is best explained in Mark Twain's irritable comment that in Italy whatever was not created by God was created by Michelangelo. A genius so Protean is best acknowledged by ignoring it.

Michelangelo himself refused to take seriously the verses which (especially from his sixtieth year on) he was forever scribbling and revising on the backs of letters, on sheets of drawings, or any other odd scraps of paper at hand. After all, he was not the only artist of his day who wrote poetry. Everybody in the Renaissance seemed to be doing everything: Cellini committed bad verses as well as murders, Raphael was a city planner who wrote sugary sonnets in which he longed to be imprisoned in the soft chains of his lady's arms, Pope Julius II marched at the head of his troops in military campaigns. The Renaissance ideal was *l'uomo universale,* not an ear and nose specialist.

So the fact that Michelangelo wrote poetry is not surprising. What is surprising is the extraordinary quality of the best of this work. His contemporaries recognized it: the poems circulated in manuscript; a number of madrigals were set to music by celebrated Italian and foreign composers, including Jakob Arcadelt; and in 1546 the humanist Benedetto Varchi lectured on one of Michelangelo's sonnets before the Academy of Florence. The artist was even persuaded to gather together a selection of his verses for publication.

For various reasons, however, the poems were not printed until 1623, in a corrupt edition misedited by Michelangelo's grandnephew. Fearful of his great ancestor's reputation, the younger Michelangelo committed mayhem on the text, transposing masculine and feminine gender, making elegant what was rough, rewriting images. Not until Guasti's great edition of 1863 did a responsible text appear.

The bulk of the verses seem to be the musings of an old man, although some love poems, full of conventional mannerisms, probably are

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earlier. Michelangelo was particularly fond of the sonnet: within its small space, as within a constricted block of marble, he hammered out harsh Dantesque lines that profoundly express his agony of spirit, now and again lightened by bursts of rough humor. Recurrent themes are the war of himself against himself; repentance for a nameless guilt; art as a symbol of the relationship of God to man; exalted Platonic love, sometimes addressed to Tommaso Cavalieri, more often to Vittoria Colonna; and a religious exaltation of death as liberation.

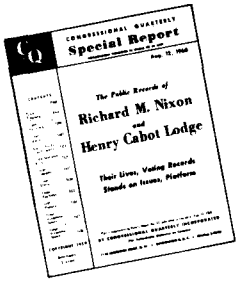
DESPITE frequent obscurities and abstract knotted metaphors, Michelangelo's poetry is striking for its ultimate confessional power, a nakedness of soul akin to his nudes in the visual arts. "Be silent! Enough of pallid violets and liquid crystals and sleek beast," the poet Francesco Berni, a contemporary of Michelangelo, cries out in exasperation against the facile Petrarchian warblers of the time. "He speaks things, and you speak words." Berni struck to the core. *"Ei dice cose. . ."*—"He speaks *things*," and in this Michelangelo is rare not only among Italian poets. These lines seem to struggle out of the matrix of language as Michelangelo's "Prisoners" struggle out of the rock. Seldom mellifluous, frequently imageless (or making use of conventional conceits), these verses have their power rather in a texture of language that seems to be reproducing the very contours of thought itself: its spurts, its exaltations, its hesitations, its withdrawals. Sometimes ungrammatical, these strained, hammered lines are undoubedly those of a sculptor. The combination of idealism, simplicity, and crude jest reminds Italian readers of Dante. Again and again, however, I think of John Donne: there is the same love of paradox, the same coexistence of contraries, the same conflict of sensuality and austerity, the same mannered and overextended conceits, the same war of self against self. *"Vorrei voler, Signor, quel ch'io non voglio . . ."*; "I would want to want, O Lord, what I do not want . . ."

Just as in his sculpture (and in the painted sculpture which is the vault of the Sistine) *terribilità* coexists with melancholy resignation, so these poems celebrate all the varieties of love—of God, of man, of woman, of art, of country—in a similar grappling of ardor and ashes, the power to do anything frozen at the brink of a desire to do nothing.

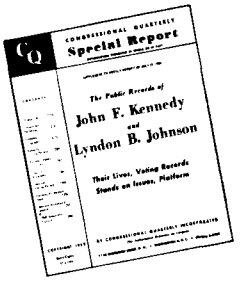
POEMS OF A MAN deeply ill at ease with himself and with his world, the tension is what makes them seem so neurotically up-to-date. Like a salamander, Michelangelo is always living in flame; like a phoenix he is always being reborn from the ashes of his suffering. "A single torment outweighs a thousand pleasures." And indeed there is something masochistic, passive, feminine in many of the curious images. Like gold or silver, the poet's desire must be melted by the fires of love, and then poured into him *"per si brevi spazi"* ("through such a narrow space") to fill his void. But then, as a goldsmith or silversmith must break the form to extract the work, so he must be

Examine the Record . . .

Because, for the first time, each candidate for national office has a record in Congress, CQ is more than ever the authoritative source of information regarding their solid background – biography, voting record, stands, speeches, etc.



The Public Records *of* Richard M. Nixon *and* Henry Cabot Lodge



The Public Records *of* John F. Kennedy *and* Lyndon B. Johnson

THESE ARE THE SAME DOCUMENTS USED BY PROFESSIONALS – NEWSPAPERMEN, ORGANIZATIONS, POLITICIANS – IN THE COURSE OF THE 1960 ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

$1.00 each copy.

Prepared by

Congressional Quarterly Service

1156 19th Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Please clip along dotted line

CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY INC.
1156 19th Street, N.W.
Washington 6, D. C.

Please send me_____cop(y)ies of CQ *Kennedy-Johnson Record*
_____cop(y)ies of CQ *Nixon-Lodge Record*

Enclosed is $_____. ($1.00 for each copy)

Name_____

Address_____

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broken and tortured in order to draw forth the perfect beauty of his lady. Or, in another poem which is destroyed by its exaggerations, love enters through the eyes like a bunch of sour grapes forced into a narrow-necked bottle, and swelling within, is unable to escape. Or else Michelangelo compares himself to a block of stone, which, being smashed, reveals its inner sparks, and then, pulverized, is fire-baked to a longer life:

"Since, if I live, made all of smoke and dust,
Fire-inured, I will endure forever;
Thus gold, and not iron, is beaten."

What is so fascinating is that he is always the same artist whether he is twisting an idea or twisting David's right wrist, whether he is trying to fit the Ancestors of Christ into a spandrel or fit too much concept into too little language. Just as the last great Pietàs and drawings have almost been dematerialized in the effort to render pure Idea, so in many of these poems language is being smashed, distorted, pulverized, almost as if the artist were trying to dispense with it.

I refer only to the greatest poems. Michelangelo, no more than any other genius, did not live only on mountaintops. He indulges in lewd jokes like any Tuscan peasant; he describes the hardships of painting the Sistine "beard to heaven" with the brush over his head "dripping a rich pavement" on his chest; he addresses comic punning lines to a courtesan named Mancina, "Left-Handed"; he lashes out at the bellicose Pope Julius, who was more devoted to the cult of Mars than to the Prince of Peace: "Here helmets and swords are made of chalices, and the blood of Christ is sold by the quart . . ."; he writes stupendous sonnets to Night whose dominions may be warred against by a single firefly; and at the last, he holds out his hands to Christ, and longs for death to liberate him, as he himself liberated the perfect forms sleeping within the stone:

"The greatest artist has no other concept
Than a marble block does not already contain
Within its excess, and to that will attain
Only the hand that obeys the intellect. . . ."

TRANSLATION of poetry is by its very nature as impossible as the squaring of a circle. And yet, since polyglots are the exception, nothing is more necessary; and the translator, woefully underpaid and underappreciated, is performing the most necessary of literary blood transfusions.

I wish I could say that I am altogether happy about Joseph Tusiani's new versions of Michelangelo's poems. Here for the first time the English reader has at his disposal the full body of Michelangelo's literary efforts. (A new edition by Girardi just published here alters somewhat the classic Karl Frey edition on which Tusiani based his version.) The introduction is perspicacious and knowledgeable, the notes are

thoughtful and informative, the translations are obviously the work of a scholar and a poet.

But the art of translation, like marriage, is to combine fidelity with felicity. Mr. Tusiani sometimes ranges very far afield; when he comes home he can be very good indeed. My objection is that too often the variations are not within the spirit of the original. How in the world can a poet change *"I' t'amo con la lingua e poi mi doglio . . ."* ("I love thee with my tongue and then I grieve . . .") to "My loving words and heart find no accord . . ."? Where Michelangelo writes "Between fire and heart a veil of ice is hidden," Mr. Tusiani gives us "Between your love and me a veil of ice there is . . ." When the original plainly says: *"Un uomo in una donna, anzi uno dio/ Per la sua bocca parla . . ."* ("A man in a woman, rather a god/Speaks through her mouth . . ."), the English version reads: "Through the mouth of a woman speaks a god . . ." What reason did Mr. Tusiani have for eliminating the suggestive ambiguity? In the moving verses on the death of his father, Michelangelo writes: *"Tu se' del morir morto e fatto divo . . ."* which Mr. Tusiani renders very beautifully: "Now you have died to death . . ." but then unaccountably omits the rest of the line: ". . . and become a god."

I COULD MULTIPLY examples. Frequently what is ambiguous in the original becomes "clarified" in the translation; the reason being, as I have discovered, that Mr. Tusiani has not translated Michelangelo's poem but the critic Ceriello's explication of it. Now the function of a translator is not to clarify ambiguities but as nearly as possible to re-create in another tongue the exact quality of ambiguity in the original. Mr. Tusiani argues that a translator of Michelangelo "should try to capture the power of his poetic thought, not the roughness of its dress." How can a poet (Mr. Tusiani is the author of a collection of poems, in Latin) fail to realize that the dress is the body; and how can he criticize (justly) Michelangelo's grandnephew for slicking up and banalizing the master's writings, when he has, in too many instances, done exactly the same thing?

Of course when form and content are so indissolubly wedded, you cannot transplant. But the impossible can be approached. Recently published here is an uncommonly fine translation by Filippo Donini of T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets,* in which the diction, the rhythm, and the spirit of the original have been Italianized with remarkable skill. When Italians read Eliot in this version they may be sure that they are getting as close to Eliot as possible outside of reading him in English. The same may be said of Laurence Binyon's classic *Divine Comedy* in *terza rima.* And there are other instances. But grateful as English readers must be for Mr. Tusiani's best translations, they should be careful to realize that not all these poems are entirely by Michelangelo Buonarroti.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Four Hundred

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE HOUSE OF FIVE TALENTS, by Louis Auchincloss. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.*

Aunt Augusta, the poor little rich girl in this family chronicle of the millionaire New York Millinders, diffidently asks herself at the close of her narrative: Were not her relatives, busily erecting their Fifth Avenue mansions, ordaining their Newport palaces, elaborating their retreats in Bar Harbor, "simple, ordinary people, pursuing simple, ordinary tasks?" Was Collier Haven's addiction to embezzlement the more remarkable because of the number of New York clubs graced with his distinguished presence? Was her mother's world-famous collection of paintings and porcelain of any greater interest as an evidence of acquisitiveness than her brother Bertie's collection of fast acquaintances? And was her own loneliness, on parade in her box at the Metropolitan, bejeweled and stately at dinner parties where a servant stood behind each guest, faced and finally conquered in the solitude of her courage, in any way distinguishable from the loneliness of the O. Henry shop girl who, seated on the park bench in Madison Square, watched Augusta drive by? Did the glamour and excitement of the Millinders' lives exist only in so far as they were looked upon from outside, described in the newspapers, or on occasion viewed directly, if only for a moment, when these princely characters made public appearances, when these collectors of paintings became themselves pictures at an exposition? Were their stories, Mr. Auchincloss asks through Aunt Augusta, worth the telling?

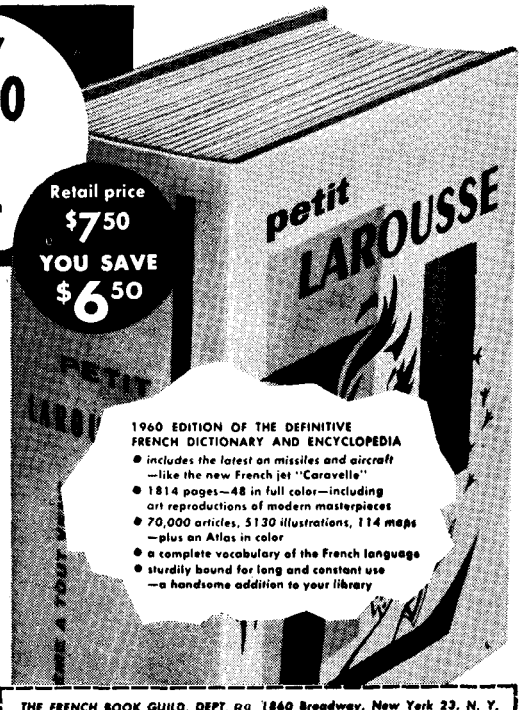
The American millionaire breaking the quiet of Newport at the turn of the century—now broken once again by jazz enthusiasts—was no more than a sign of the nation's vigor. The earlier rich, whose fortunes by then were exhausted, complained of the new vulgarity, a lament that is still heard today when invasion of the suburban countryside, encroachment on the protected view of the rolling hills, comes not from the rich but from people who are acquiring the right and the modest means to erect split-level ranch houses on hundred-foot lots. After all, the first Americans to complain about the visitations of new power and new vigor were the Indians.

THE DETAILS of any change in our society must be included in the record. The attraction of the Millinder family, as Mr. Auchincloss has described it, depends, as he is well aware, on the flamboyant quality of wealth, precisely as the attraction, for instance, of the Studs Lonigan family depended on the somber light of Chicago slums. The novelist does not write about courage, greed, or loneliness in abstract terms, or see them ever outside the changing time: that is why *The House of Five Talents,* which describes a society forever gone, is not merely a pleasant exercise in nostalgia and a parade of New York and Newport pageantry but also stands as a novel of character.

Just published!
The first truly new "PETIT LAROUSSE" in fifty years!

Only $1.00 with membership in the French Book Guild

Retail price $7.50 YOU SAVE $6.50



1960 EDITION OF THE DEFINITIVE FRENCH DICTIONARY AND ENCYCLOPEDIA
- *includes the latest on missiles and aircraft —like the new French jet "Caravelle"*
- 1814 pages—48 in full color—including art reproductions of modern masterpieces
- *70,000 articles, 5130 illustrations, 114 maps* —plus an Atlas in color
- a complete vocabulary of the French language
- sturdily bound for long and constant use —a handsome addition to your library

HERE IT IS... the NEW Petit Larousse! NEW format—NEW facts—NEW art reproductions—NEW in the method of printing for easier reading—NEW in *everything* except the dedication to embrace every sphere of interest and knowledge which has made it predecessor, the *Nouveau Petit Larousse Illustré*, the only book of its kind in the world! And, now, by joining the French Book Guild which brings the most-talked-about French best-sellers to your door for only a fraction of book store prices, you get the NEW *Petit Larousse* for only $1.00!

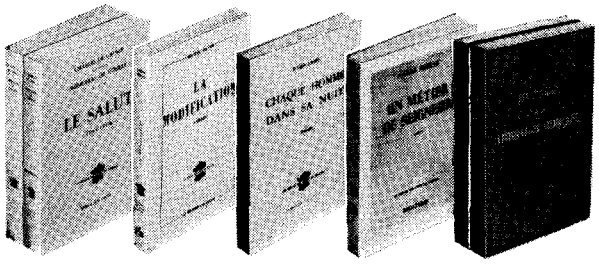
MEMBERSHIP IS FREE

It costs nothing to join the French Book Guild ... no dues, no fees. As a member, you choose the books you want from the descriptive brochure mailed to you each month—and purchase them for only $1.96 each plus 24¢ postage (occasional selections at slightly higher prices)—instead of at retail prices up to $3.50 and higher. In addition, you receive a FREE "Bonus Book" with each fourth selection accepted.

JOIN THE CLUB TODAY

By mailing the enclosed coupon you get your copy of the NEW *Petit Larousse* for only $1.00 (you save $6.50)—plus your choice of ONE of the French best-sellers shown here as your first selection for only $1.96 ... a total value of up to $13.25 for only $2.96 (plus postage). You may continue membership for as long as you wish, or you may cancel after you have accepted only *three more* selections. But hurry! Mail the coupon today and be among the first to own the NEW *Petit Larousse* ... and of one "first selection" books offered here for the very first time!

LE SALUT (1944-1946) by General de Gaulle, 2 Vols. The triumphant liberation of France and the immediate post war period. Retail $5.75.
LES MAITRES DE LA LITTERATURE by Emile Henriot of the Academie Francaise, 2 Vols. An up-to-date condensed history of literature. Retail $5.00.
LA MODIFICATION by Michel Butor. Prix Renaudot. *Avant-garde novel, widely hailed, won* the author universal acclaim. Retail $2.95.
CHAQUE HOMME DANS SA NUIT by Julien Green. Just out. Soul searching novel of passion and conflict of conscience. Retail $4.00.
LA GLOIRE DE MON PERE by Marcel Pagnol of the Academie Francaise. Amusing and tender autobiography of the author's childhood. Retail $2.50. (not illustrated)
UN METIER DE SEIGNEUR by Pierre Boulle. Spine tingling story of an intellectual spy, by the author of "Bridge Over the River Kwai." Retail $3.50.



THE FRENCH BOOK GUILD, DEPT. R9, 1860 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

Please enroll me in the French Book Guild, send me my *Petit Larousse* and the book checked as my first selection and bill me $2.96 plus postage ($1.00 for the *Larousse*, $1.96 for my first selection). I agree to accept a minimum of three more selections during the coming twelve months and I am to receive a valuable "Bonus Book" free with each four selections I accept.

☐ LE SALUT
☐ LES MAITRES DE LA LITTERATURE
☐ LA MODIFICATION
☐ CHAQUE HOMME DANS SA NUIT
☐ LA GLOIRE DE MON PERE
☐ UN METIER DE SEIGNEUR

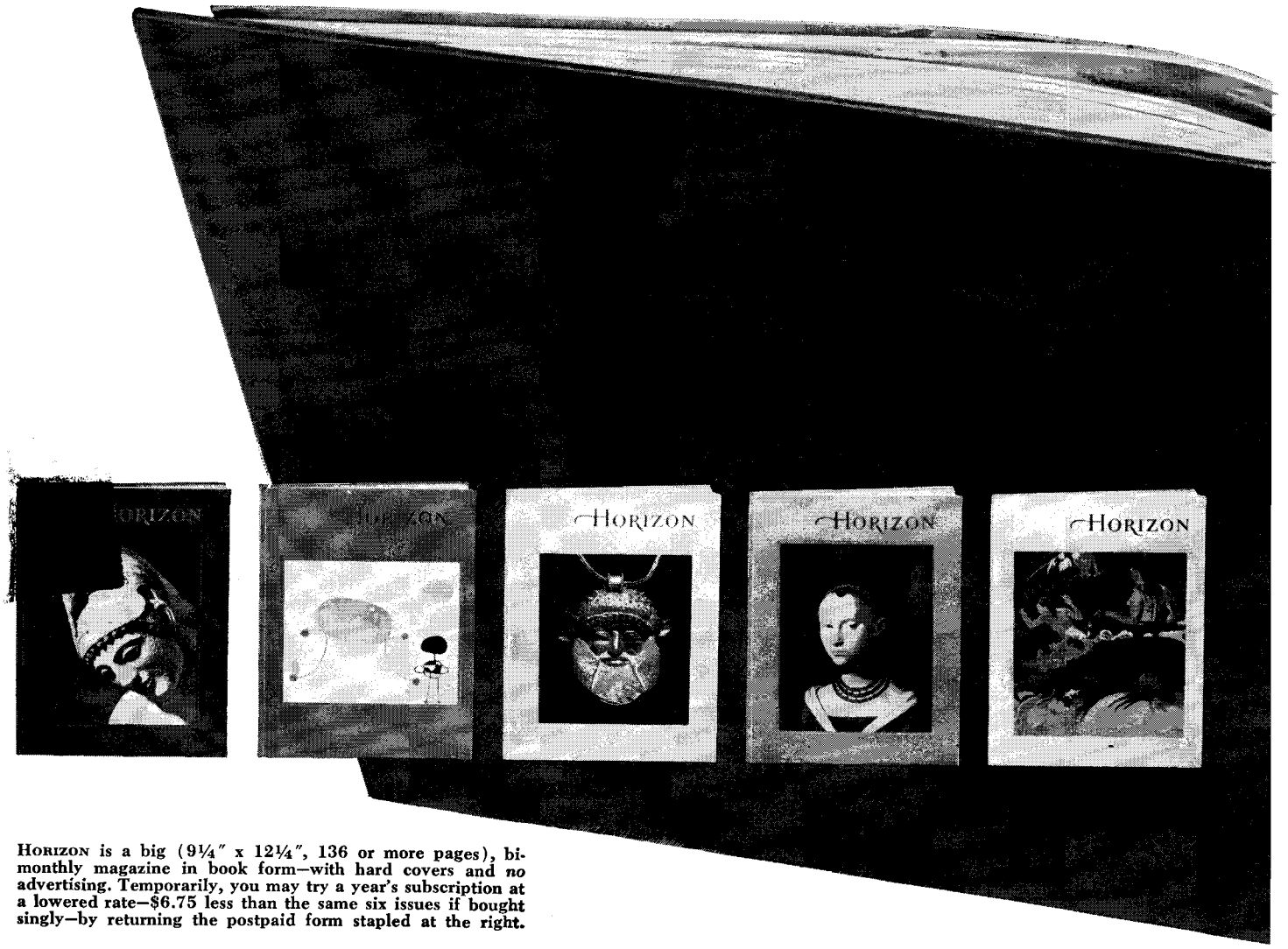
Name _____
Address _____
City, Zone, State _____

THE FRENCH BOOK GUILD 1860 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first public offering in eight months of a magazine intended to be the most beautiful in the world:

HORIZON



HORIZON is a big (9¼″ x 12¼″, 136 or more pages), bi-monthly magazine in book form—with hard covers and *no* advertising. Temporarily, you may try a year's subscription at a lowered rate—$6.75 less than the same six issues if bought singly—by returning the postpaid form stapled at the right.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE you met HORIZON yet? Perhaps it's time you did, as this strikingly different magazine in book form begins its third year.

For it's only once or twice a year, in a few such compatible surroundings as this, that the publishers (the same who publish AMERICAN HERITAGE, The Magazine of History) invite new subscriptions. Your invitation to try HORIZON, as the form inserted here indicates, is a good one – embellished with a lowered rate, prepaid postage and an easy way to pay.

What's different about it?

A bi-monthly, HORIZON unites art and ideas, the sum of which is culture, in a fresh format: superb illustration, hard covers, *no* advertisements at all. It is printed here and abroad by three methods on three textures of paper. It is probably the most beautiful magazine in the world.

HORIZON seeks to serve as a guide to the long cultural adventure of modern man; to explore the many mansions of the philosopher, the painter, the historian, the architect, the sculptor, the satirist, the poet; to create a "museum without walls" for man's finest achievements in the visual arts; to build many bridges between the worlds of scholars and the minds of intelligent readers.

To this end, the articles range the centuries and the globe. Pictures, often in color, light almost every page: sculpture, maps, buildings, mosaics, cartoons, people from the Negev to the stage – lively art from cave drawings to movie palaces.

What can HORIZON do for you?

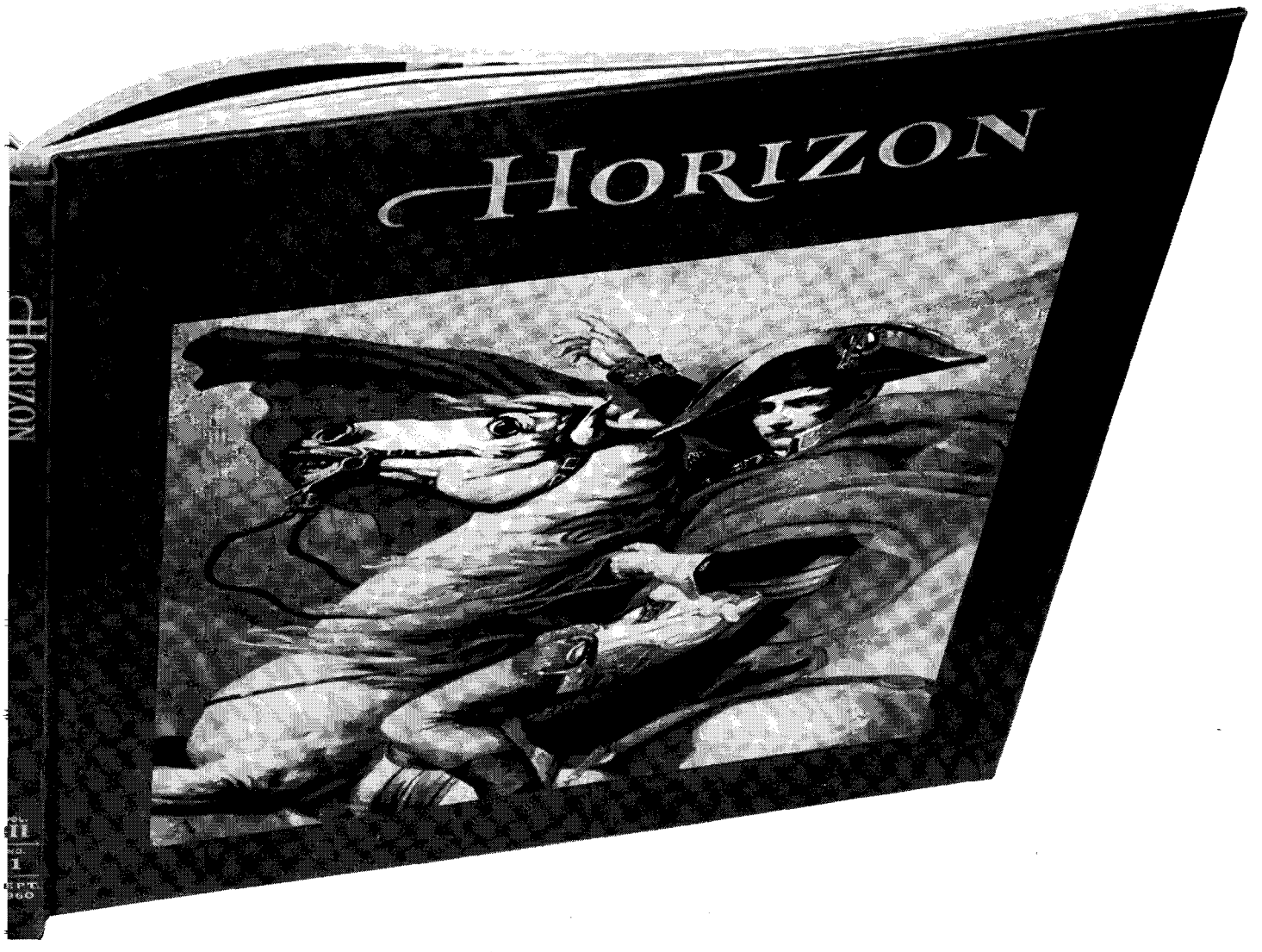
Nothing aggressively uplifting, or fashionable, or urgent. There's no counsel on how to manage your money or your ballot, your casserole or your spouse.

There *is* food for thought, play for the imagination, for any reasonably inquisitive mind. And you'll discover, as 160,000 people already have, that every issue fits in well with your home's more cherished books, as part of a purposefully elegant, *permanent* collection of the arts.

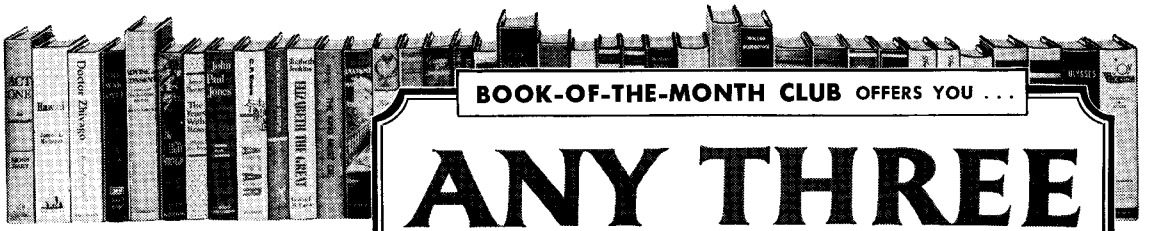
To try HORIZON, tentatively (you may cancel at any time, without penalty), mail the form inserted between these pages. If it's gone, the address is 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Look through your first issue before you send a cent. Then we shall ask for $1.95 to begin, $5 a month for the next three months. (HORIZON is regularly $3.95 a copy, $18 a year – necessarily expensive, but not extravagant for a magazine which is equivalent in quality to a $10-$15 book.)

The lower price lasts only as long as our supply of the current issue*, and that won't be long. Good idea to mail the form today.

*Some highlights of the September HORIZON (pictured below): Ingmar Bergman on *Why I Make Movies;* John Kenneth Galbraith on the arts in an affluent society; *The Louvre,* a history, with a portfolio of master works; *The Coming of the White Man* as portrayed by other cultures; articles by Russell Lynes, Jean Stafford, Gilbert Highet, Walter Terry, and many others.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB OFFERS YOU . . .

ANY THREE FOR $1 EACH*

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES, WHICH AVERAGE 20% LESS THAN THE REGULAR RETAIL PRICES

BROWSE HERE...

for current books you have been anxious not to miss...for other good books you have long promised yourself to read...for valuable sets that should be part of every library...and for practical books needed in home or office.

198. THE LEOPARD
by GIUSEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA
(Retail price $4.50)

104. ADVISE AND CONSENT
by ALLEN DRURY
(Retail price $5.75)

186. HAWAII *by* JAMES A. MICHENER
(Retail price $6.95)

199. THE CONSTANT IMAGE
by MARCIA DAVENPORT
(Retail price $3.95)

193. TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM
by NEVIL SHUTE
(Retail price $3.95)

191. GRANT MOVES SOUTH
by BRUCE CATTON
(Retail price $6.50)

405. DR. SCHWEITZER OF LAMBARENE
by NORMAN COUSINS
Illustrated. (Retail price $3.95)

409. THE AFFAIR *by* C. P. SNOW
(Retail price $4.50)

187. THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN
by THOMAS B. COSTAIN
(Retail price $3.95)

103. THE WAR LOVER
by JOHN HERSEY
(Retail price $5)

108. ACT ONE *by* MOSS HART
(Retail price $5)

106. THE YEARS WITH ROSS
by JAMES THURBER
Illustrated. (Retail price $5)

102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO
by BORIS PASTERNAK
(Retail price $5)

406. INTRIGUE *by* ERIC AMBLER
(Retail price $3.95)

101. EXODUS *by* LEON URIS
(Retail price $4.50)

188. MEETING WITH JAPAN
by FOSCO MARAINI
Illustrated. (Retail price $8.50)

105. THE UGLY AMERICAN
by WILLIAM J. LEDERER *and* EUGENE BURDICK
(Retail price $3.95)

111. ELIZABETH THE GREAT
by ELIZABETH JENKINS
Illustrated. (Retail price $5)

113. ANATOMY OF A MURDER
by ROBERT TRAVER
(Retail price $4.50)

114. WHAT WE MUST KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM
by HARRY *and* BONARO OVERSTREET
(Retail price $3.95)

110. THE HARMLESS PEOPLE
by ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS
Illustrated. (Retail price $4.75)

118. PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS
Illustrated. (Retail price $8.95)

119. THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Vol. I of *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*
(Retail price $6)

120. THE NEW WORLD
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Vol. II. (Retail price $6)

121. THE AGE OF REVOLUTION
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Vol. III. (Retail price $6)

122. THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Vol. IV. (Retail price $6)

107. JOHN PAUL JONES
by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Illustrated. (Retail price $6.50)

400. THIS IS MY GOD
by HERMAN WOUK
(Retail price $3.95)

123. A TREASURY OF SCIENCE
Edited by HARLOW SHAPLEY
(Retail price $6.95)

129. THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS
by MILLAR BURROWS
Illustrated. (Retail price $6.50)

185. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF LOVE
by MORTON M. HUNT
(Retail price $5.95)

132. A STUDY OF HISTORY, a 2-vol. abridgment of the Toynbee work (Retail price $11)
Each vol. $1

134. THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
2 vols. (Retail price $12.50)
Each vol. $1

135. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF O. HENRY
2 vols. (Retail price $10)
Each vol. $1

138. REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST
by MARCEL PROUST. 2 vols.
(Retail price $15)
Each vol. $1

139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE
Unabridged. (Retail price $4.75)

149. THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY
by WILL DURANT. (Retail price $5)

150. STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX *by* HAVELOCK ELLIS
2 vols. (Retail price $15)
Each vol. $1

151. IDEAL MARRIAGE: ITS PHYSIOLOGY AND TECHNIQUE
by TH. H. VAN DE VELDE, M.D.
Illustrated. (Retail price $7.50)

152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS 13th edition
(Retail price $10)

153. STANDARD HANDBOOK OF SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS
by JAMES C. FERNALD
(Retail price $3.50)

189. THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE (Retail price $6)

190. THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE (Retail price $7)

156. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE OPERA
by DAVID EWEN
(Retail price $7.50)

162. A CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD *by* V. M. HILLYER
Revised by E. G. HUEY
Illustrated

163. WINNIE THE POOH AND THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER
by A. A. MILNE
Illustrated by E. H. SHEPARD
Both vols. for $1

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate two things *by your own experience*: first, that you can really keep yourself from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; second, the advantages of the Club's Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price — simply by buying books they would buy anyway. The offer described here really represents "advance" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the three books you engage to buy later.

✶ **The three books you choose** will be sent to you immediately, and you will be billed one dollar for each volume (plus a small charge for postage).

✶ **You have a wide choice always**—over 200 selections and alternates during the year.

✶ **If you continue after buying the three books called for in this trial membership,** with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend averaging around $6.50 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $235,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Club members as Book-Dividends.

✶ **In the case of multi-volume sets, each volume is to be counted as a separate purchase at $1, unless otherwise noted.**

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A1059
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club† and send the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $3.00 (plus postage). I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). The price will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. After my third purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend† with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.) **PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a *single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three books.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR.
MRS.
MISS } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

Selections and Alternates for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

†*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED